

9

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THE BULL FROG—*Rana catesbeiana*



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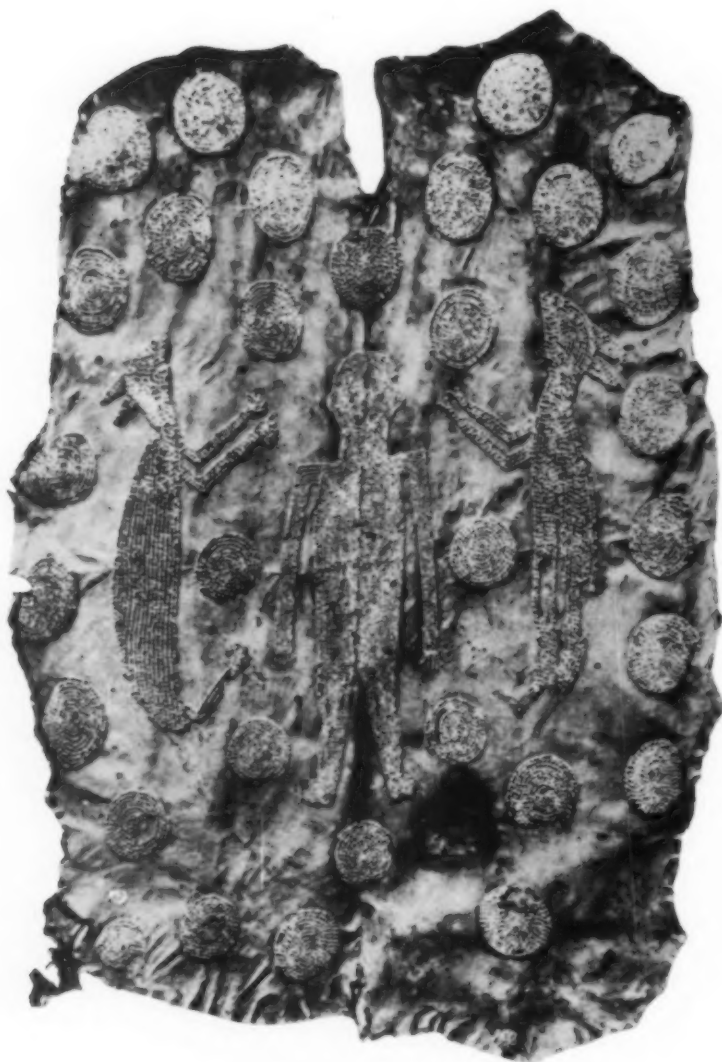
Photograph by W. V. Crich

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The robe of Pocahontas or her father, Powhatan, made of deerskin and embroidered with shells, is in the Tradescant Collection of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. It is believed to be the cloak given by Pocahontas to Captain Christopher Newport in 1608.

Early Americana

by MARIUS BARBEAU

National Museum of Canada photographs

EARLY AMERICANA form a valuable part of American Indian materials in the world's great museums in Europe and America. Such is the collection made under royal patronage at an early date in French America for the Dauphin of France to contribute to his education and to the knowledge in France of the *sauvages d'Amérique*; it is now preserved in the *Musée de l'Homme* in Paris. Other objects of the same type, from parts occupied by the English, may be found in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford

—for instance, Pocahontas' decorated costume and Iroquois tomahawks. Wampum *ex votos* were presented by the Hurons on the St. Lawrence to the Cathedral of Chartres in France at the end of the seventeenth century; there they are still kept. Many samples of moose-hair and porcupine-quill embroidery on costumes more than two hundred years old may be discovered in various museums of Europe—in Paris, London, and Copenhagen. Captain Cook's and Captain Vancouver's large collec-

tions from the North Pacific Coast are also treasured in continental museums, for the most part at the British Museum in London, the Pitt Rivers at Oxford, and the Folk Museum in Vienna.

Aware of this for many years, I spent some time in 1930 and again in 1955 studying these scattered Americana, taking photographs, and securing whatever information was required to piece together their full story. Here are some samples of this information about Americana in Europe.

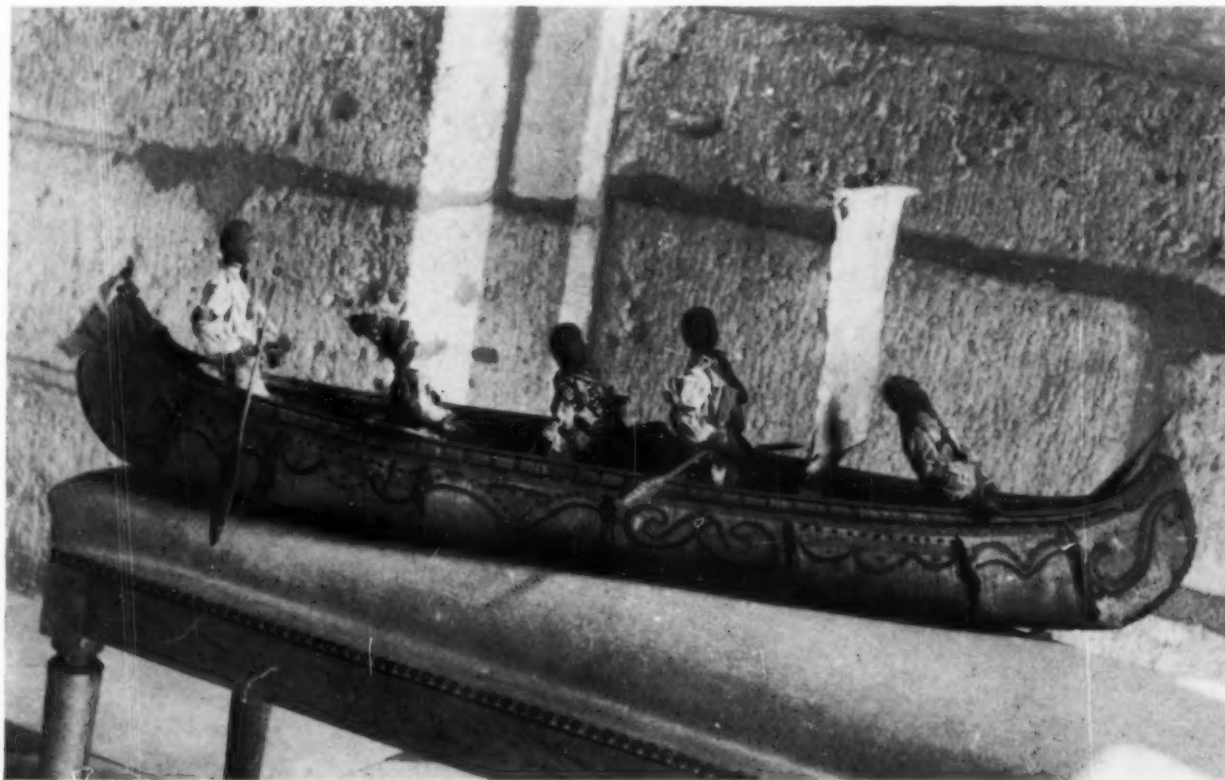
A large number of maps, manuscripts, pictures, *ex votos*, Indian curios, and other Americana were shown in a large and impressive exhibition called *France-Canada*, held under state auspices at La Rochelle, France, in July and later in Paris in 1955. (La Rochelle was chosen for this occasion to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the visit of the *Capricieuse* to Quebec in 1855 for the first official contact between France and her former colony of Quebec since the fall of New France in 1759.)

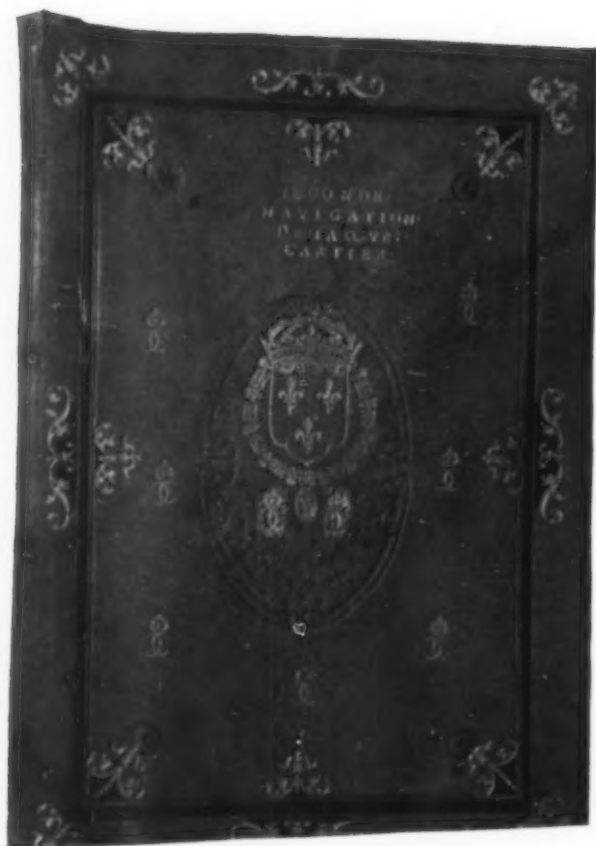
The manuscript, *Seconde Navigation de Jacques Cartier*, bearing the royal arms stamped

into the leather cover, was a loan of the *Bibliothèque nationale* of Paris. This unique manuscript, dated 1545, is the most precious of its kind. It contains the authentic narration of Canada's exploration in 1535-6 by Jacques Cartier, hand written by a scribe for King François I and retained thereafter in the royal archives. In it we find the vocabulary with the heading, "*Ensuit Le Langaige des Pays et Royaulmes de Hochelaga et Canada autrement dits la Nouvelle France*". ("Herein follows the language of the country and kingdoms of Hochelaga and Canada otherwise known as New France".) This vocabulary is mostly in Huron-Wyandot and, in minor part, Mohawk, that is, in the Iroquoian dialects spoken respectively at Stadacona (later Quebec) and Hochelaga (now Montreal).

Another Cartier document is listed in the catalogue for the same exhibition, as follows: "*3. Bref Récit de la navigation faicte es ysles de Canada, par Jacques Cartier, Paris, 1545, in -8°. Bibl. de Rouen*"—"Brief narrative of the navigation through the islands of Canada by Jacques Cartier" . . .).

A model of an Indian birch-bark canoe manned by five paddlers at Chartres Museum. It was sent to France from New France in the last quarter of the seventeenth century.





Most precious manuscript of its kind, the *Seconde Navigation de Jacques Cartier*, dated 1545, at the Bibliothèque nationale, Paris.

Among the numerous old maps on display, there was an early one showing the eastern half of the North American continent with the words in bold letters: *Terre de Labrador ou des Eskimaux . . . Baye Française [Fundy], Nouvelle France . . .* This map is presumably the one listed as 170, *Carte contenant une partie de l'Amérique septentrionale par J.-B.-L. Franquelin*, 1681. *Serv. Hydrog. de la Marine. Atlas 4040 B carte No 5.*

One of the most detailed maps is that of the Bay of the Percé Rock: "374. *Carte de la rade de l'île Percée, Bonaventure et Table à Roland, envoyée par M. De Meules*, 1686. *Bibl. Nat. Cartes, portef. Marine, 125. don V, pièce I*". In it can be seen the rock with two holes (instead of the one it now has), a number of sailing ships at anchor in the Bay [Chaleur], drying racks for cod on the shore, and so on.

While the documents could be counted by the hundreds in this exhibition of early Cana-

diana, other evidence could be observed at first hand in the very port of La Rochelle where the exhibition took place. La Rochelle was head-quarter for most of the trade and navigation to and from New France and Acadia. Some streets of the seaport and neighbouring towns are paved with round pebbles still called *des Canada*. The ballast in the ships returning from Canada with no heavier cargo than pelts used to be pebbles and stones from the Canadian seashore.

The permanent Tradescant Collection at the Ashmolean Museum of Oxford contains an assortment of North American Indian materials antedating 1656, one of the oldest of its kind—if not the oldest—in Europe. Incomplete now (its full list is contained in the *Summary Guide to the Department of Antiquities*, University of Oxford, Ashmolean Museum), this collection still includes the robe of Pocahontas decorated with sea-shell embroidery from Virginia, also a ceremonial jacket of the Hurons from the lower St. Lawrence; three Iroquois tomahawks, a wampum belt, and a purse or bag decorated with threaded wampum beads.

To quote the *Summary Guide*: "A catalogue of the Tradescant Collection, entitled *Museum Tradescantianum*, was printed and published in London in 1656 . . . Some of the objects listed can still be identified in the [Ashmolean] Museum." At a later date the Tradescant curios were given away to form part of the collection of the Ashmolean Museum, whose title goes back to Elias Ashmole (1617-92). It is now the leading university museum at Oxford. Further detail is given in the present Ashmolean catalogue: "On the wall above the staircase is the famous mantle (118) of Powhatan, king of Virginia, father of Pocahontas. It is made of deerskin, embroidered with shells, and is thought to be the cloak given by Pocahontas to Captain Christopher Newport in 1608. If this is true, the cloak must be one of the first relics of North American Indian culture brought to Europe."

A tomahawk of the same type and, presumably the same age, lies in the *Cabinet de curiosités sauvages* of the *Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève* in Paris.

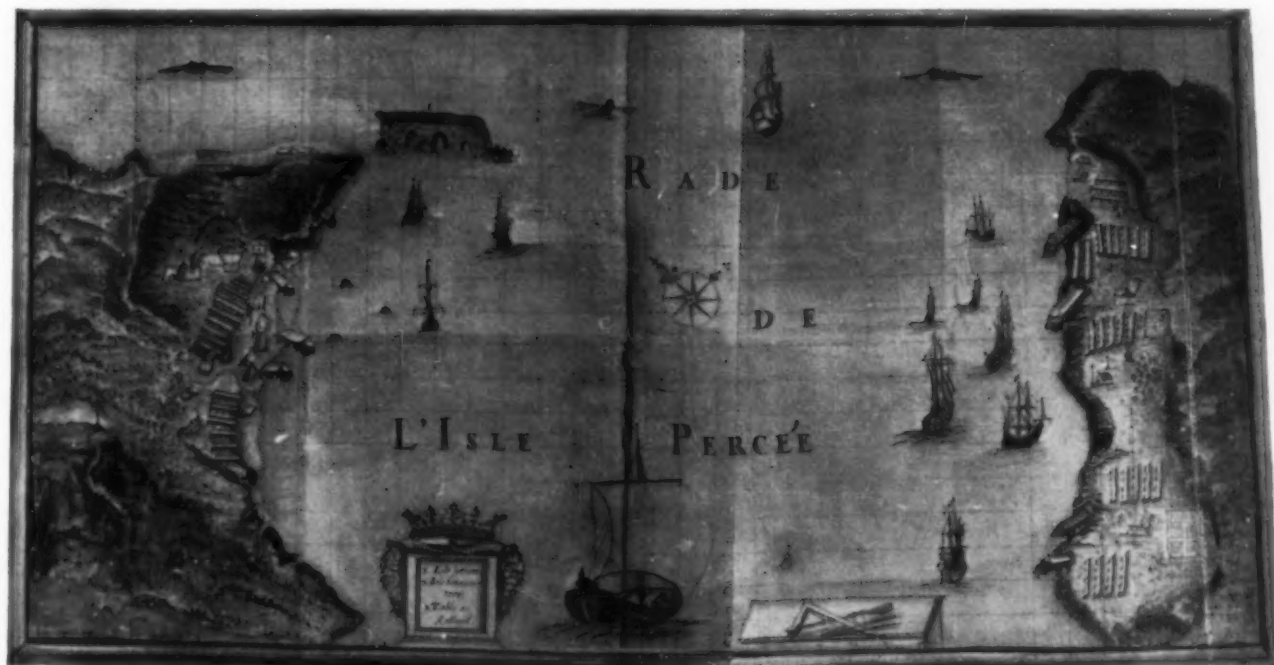
At Chartres, France, may be seen two wam-

pum belts of the Huron and Abenakis tribes of Canada, also a model of an Indian birch-bark canoe. The wampum belts, long famous, are kept in a glass case in the subterranean chapel of the Black Virgin in the Cathedral of Chartres. They were given as *ex votos* by the converted Indians of Lorette near Quebec in 1674, and in 1692 by the Abenakis or Abenakis of the St. Francis River, Quebec. In exchange they received from the canons of the Cathedral two large silver medallions in the forms of hearts, containing relics, and called *chemises de Notre-Dame*. One of these, if not both, still exists in the *trésor* of the church at Lorette. The inscriptions on the belts, one of them purple, the other white, with the lettering white and purple in reverse, read: "*Matri Virgini Abnaguaei DD*", and "*Virgini pariturae votum Huronum*"—that is, "The Virgin Mother of the Abenakis" and "The Virgin who is to give birth, for a vow of the Hurons." Wampum beads, or *pourceline* as they were called in French, consist of tiny cylinders cut, ground, and perforated to be threaded, from the fairly large shell of the *Venus Mercenaria*, found mostly in shallow waters of the sea coast of Virginia. These objects were valuable in pre-

historic times among the Indians of the North-eastern Woodlands, the Iroquoian nations in particular; but they were crudely made. After the arrival and settlement of the Dutch at New Amsterdam, later New York, the manufacture of wampum almost at once became the business of the white man. Machinery improved and enlarged the production, thus preparing the ground for an era of wampum-belt documents, such as treaties among Indian tribes and with the governors of New France (if not of New England), and *ex votos* for churches. Chartres Cathedral was chosen for the Huron and Abenakis *ex votos*, because Monseigneur de Laval, first Bishop of Quebec had come from Chartres and remained devoted to his home city all his life. At the Odanak chapel near the mouth of the St. Francis River, where the present-day Abenakis live and own a chapel, the author has photographed a replica drawn from tribal recollections of the Abenakis *ex voto* at Chartres. The inscription in Abenakis is the same but the pattern on the reproduction differs from the original.

A birch-bark canoe, thirty-six inches long, holding five Indian paddlers made out of coloured wax, and decorated with curlicues in

The map of the Bay of Percé Rock and the beaches in the neighbourhood, dated 1686. It is kept at the Bibliothèque nationale in Paris.





Huron ceremonial costume with porcupine-quill and deer-hoof trimmings, at Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. (Tradescant Collection, 1656.)

ochres, forms part of the collection of the museum behind the Chartres Cathedral. It is said to have been sent by the Indians with a wampum belt, and it seems to bear the mark of the Ursuline nuns of Quebec and Three Rivers, who from the beginning practised various handicrafts, including embroidery and wax and floral work. Their chief clientele was the clergy and the churches.

A large and important collection of Indian relics, mostly from the North-eastern Woodlands, is that of the Dauphin of France, gathered together in the first part of the

eighteenth century for the education of the King's eldest son at the *Palais de Versailles*. At an early date, Indian artifacts were being sent to France where they were considered curiosities, particularly at the court of France. So we read in the *Jesuit Relations*, in the 1650s, that the Ursuline nuns of Quebec had made objects "*dans le goût sauvage*" (in the Indian fashion) for their friends overseas. No doubt some of these may be incorporated in the composite *Collection du Dauphin de France*. As far as we can see now, this Indian assortment consisted of various artifacts used in the actual life of the natives of the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and as far away as the Mandan country—in fact Mandan is the comprehensive term covering all materials from the west.

The contents of this collection are indicated more precisely in a catalogue printed in 1869 at Versailles, under the title, *Cabinet de curiosités et d'objets d'art de la Bibliothèque publique de la ville de Versailles*. The list from North America (pages 20-23) covering "*Esquimaux—Canada—Hurons—Illinois—Louisiane—Mexique*" refers to ornaments in porcupine quills and moose hair or birch bark, shell ornaments which the chiefs wore on their chests, crowns or head-dresses decorated with the hair of wild beasts and wampum shells, carpets or skin rugs painted—one of these with the inscription *Ackansas*, tobacco pouches, braided pack-straps, models of birch-bark canoes, wampum belts, bows and arrows, stone axes and adzes, a scalp (as a trophy), a *chéchikoue* or rattle for dances, an Eskimo hood, a kayak and an umiak of the Eskimos, an Indian doll completely dressed, tomahawks, powder horns, snow-shoes, a quiver, *mokoeks* or elm-bark boxes to keep maple sugar, moccasins, smoking pipes, masks, and so on.

This royal collection, after the French Revolution, naturally was broken up and dispersed. I found an important part of it, in 1931, at the *Musée municipal de Versailles*, and wrote down a careful list and description with measurements of every object. Informed of my discovery, M. Rivière, director of the *Musée des traditions populaires* in Paris, later had it transferred to the *Musée de l'Homme* in Paris, where it can be studied now. Another

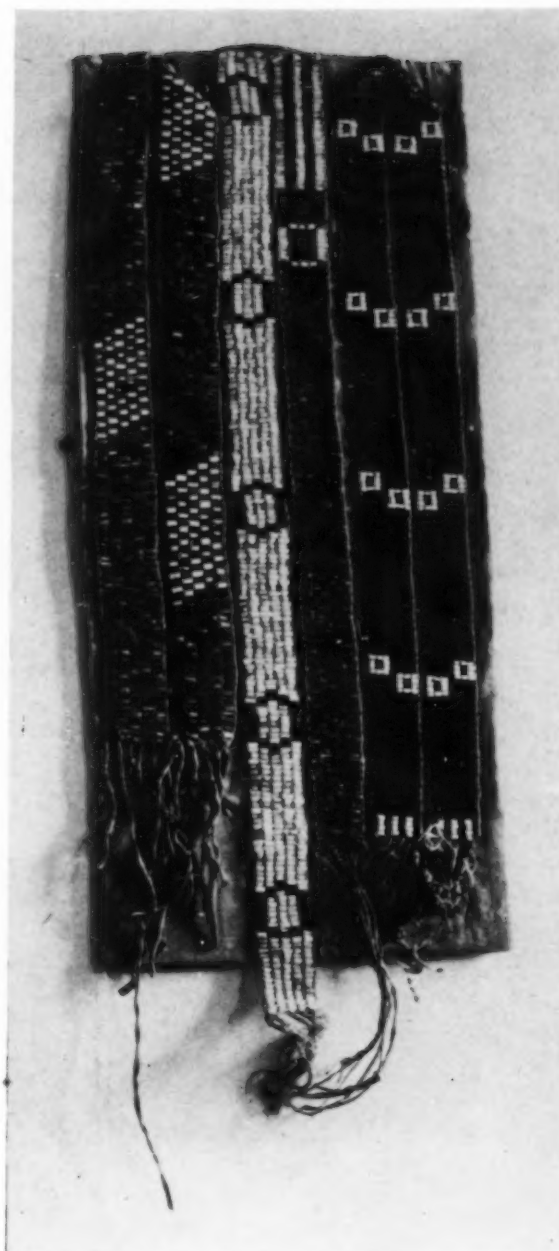
Wampum belts, probably commemorating ancient treaties between the Hurons and the French. Now preserved in the Art Museum of Laval University, Quebec.

part of the same Dauphin Collection, with what is called *Fonds des Emigrés* or Indian odds and ends confiscated from Royalist exiles, found its way long ago to the *Bibliothèque nationale* in Paris, and was traced there by Hamy, the ethnologist. About 1880 he had these curiosities transferred to the Trocadero Museum in his charge. I found an interesting and considerable stock there, handled it at leisure, and made for the Trocadero Museum a new catalogue of the whole collection. It was only in 1953 that I had the facilities and time to photograph most of these significant materials. The painted buffalo skins from the North-west form a major part of these early Americana, but unfortunately cannot be reproduced here.

A few state and city museums of Europe — at Oslo, Copenhagen, London, Cambridge, and Oxford—contain more materials of the same type as in the Dauphin Collection. And some of the same type are occasionally found in Canada and the United States, for instance at Indian Lorette and Caughnawaga, in Canada, where there are “mission” belts of wampum; the huge one at Caughnawaga (Catholic Iroquois tribe) is famous. And a few until recently were kept at Indian Lorette near Quebec. They were heirlooms of the tribe. Most of these now are at the *Musée de l'Université Laval*, Quebec (Collection Joachim Tessier).¹

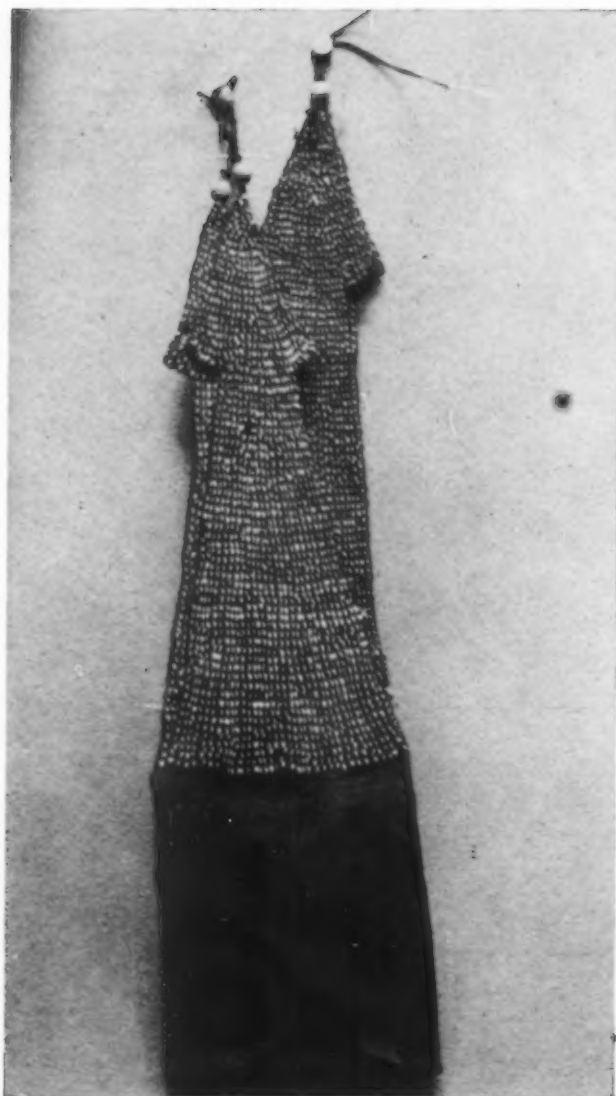
In the last two decades of the eighteenth century the Pacific Ocean was suddenly opened to navigation and the sea trade. Captain Cook

¹At the France-Canada exhibition at La Rochelle, an item to be noticed was 154: *Mémoire des curiosités qui me (Michel Bégon) sont venues du Canada—une paire de bracelets de rassade, trois paires de souliers de peaux d'orignac . . . Lettre de l'Intendant Bégon, Rochefort, 9 janvier 1689. Bibl. Nat., Ms. fr. 22800.*



Two wampum belts sent to France as ex votos by the Abenakis and Hurons in 1674 and 1692. They are kept in the subterranean chapel of the Black Virgin in the Cathedral of Chartres.





An Indian bag or pouch. The top is decorated with wampum beads. It is in the Tradescant Collection.

spent a winter anchored near the Indian village at Nootka Sound, Vancouver Island, and explored the coast northwards as far as the Bering Sea and Kamchatka on the Siberian coast. Following him, many other seamen—British, French, and later, American—launched into the fur trade. The sea otter was in particular demand for the Canton market on the coast of China. This business, in spite of its heavy casualties, was so lucrative, that it brought about a revolution in world affairs. The Pacific and China for the first time became an integrant part of world trade and affairs.

Engaged as he was on official duties for the British crown, Captain Cook made on the side a collection of Indian curios from the North Pacific Coast, and left a journal, published soon after, for the years 1776-8. British sea-traders like Meares, Portlock and Dixon, and many others, privately followed suit. Captain Vancouver in the early nineties officially represented the British in the North Pacific. The French Government dispatched two representatives to the scene—Marchand and La Pérouse. And the Americans sent Captain Gray in 1792 to drive a stake on their behalf in this new field of endeavour. At a slightly earlier date, in the late seventies, the Spaniards were stirred out of a prolonged inertia and tried to dispute the claims of these new-comers; for they considered the North-west Coast part of Mexico and California, which they had occupied much earlier, not to speak of the Philipines in the Pacific.

These explorers and traders could not fail to bring back home curiosities which they had secured from the natives at landing points. A few of them wrote journals which were published in England and France. Not many Indian specimens of that period have come down to us, for they were scattered and lost, with the exception of those of Captains Cook and Vancouver. Their collections are now preserved in Europe, mostly in England.

Captain Vancouver's collection, a large one consisting of hundreds of items, is now at the



Three Iroquois tomahawks in the Tradescant Collection, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The museum's assortment of North American Indian artifacts is one of the oldest in Europe, possibly the oldest.

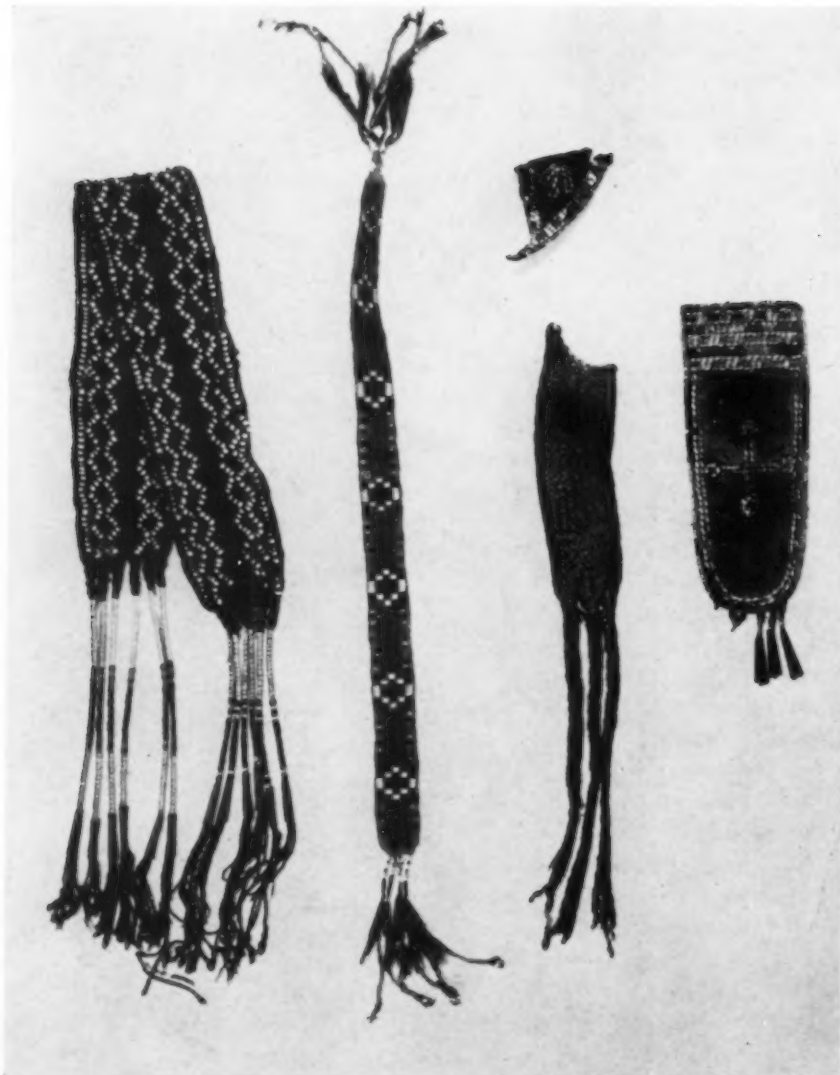
A puma skin painted in the style familiar around the Great Lakes of North America and the western prairies of Canada. It hangs in Cambridge University Museum in England.



British Museum in London. It consists of valuable, although not spectacular, objects and tools illustrating native handicrafts of the North Pacific Coast and Alaska. As for Captain Cook's collection, it was broken up into smaller lots. Most of it is also at the British Museum; some, at the Pitt Rivers at Oxford, and small sets are in continental Europe at the Folk Museum in Vienna. A few, it seems, are in Germany. We were told that there may still be some at Leningrad, the old St. Peters-

burg of Empress Catherine the Great. Captain Cook, it is reported, delivered specimens he had amassed on the North-west Coast to the Russian chief trader at Kamchatka, to be transported overland to St. Petersburg, thence to London. But they apparently went no farther on their way than the city which was then capital of the Russian empire.

The Cook and Vancouver collections are, indeed, most significant and valuable in the study of the natives of the North Pacific. What



Braided and beaded garters, a section of a long braided slave band, and a bag embroidered with porcupine quills. Many items of this kind are found in the Dauphin Collection at Versailles and Paris.

strikes us first, after seeing them, is that they contain few, almost none, of the features that have grown since to be characteristic of the arts and crafts of the North Pacific—totem poles, masks and head-dresses, *narhnoks* or spirit dolls, chilkat blankets, buttoned robes, and so on.

The Indian arts of the coast were rapidly to develop under the impact of European trade and culture. The influence of scrimshaw or the ivory and wood carvings of trinkets by Amer-

ican whalers to while away the time on ship-board produced a native art of considerable size and significance, especially through the argillite or slate carvings of the Haida. The Imperial emblems of Tzarist Russia and the British crown impressed the natives so greatly that they adopted similar and other crests of their own. This rapid growth is what we know now as the totemic face of the North Pacific—a unique form of art which is usually mistaken for prehistoric.

Hardly anybody for many decades bothered about collecting Indian specimens, whether on the Pacific Coast or elsewhere in continental America, probably because they were ubiquitous and plentiful and it was believed that they would always be so. The first official collection about which we know, and a fairly important one for the Pacific Coast, is that by the Wilkes expedition for the United States Government, in the 1830s. It is still preserved at the U.S. National Museum in Washington.

Private collections were made at various places in the United States after the 1850s. Most of them have since found their way into public museums in New York, Brooklyn, Washington, Philadelphia (University Museum), Cambridge (Harvard), New Haven (Yale), Salem (Peabody), Chicago, Detroit and Ann Arbor, Denver, Seattle (University of Washington), Portland (Oregon), San Francisco, and so on.

Some of the later Indian collections have gone to Europe—to London, Berlin, Copenhagen, Oslo, Oxford and Cambridge, and elsewhere. The private collection of Sir Alfred Bosom, made by a famous collector for various museums, Lieutenant J. T. Emmons, was still in storage in London in 1953. It was then brought to the author's attention and since has been acquired complete by the National Museum of Canada—a notable addition to its already vast collections.

The earliest collection of Canadian Indian materials at the National Museum was that of S. H. Harris, in the early 1870s; it later developed into the G. M. Dawson and the C. F. Newcombe collections. The collections grew to their present size through the efforts of the staff of the museum.

Other museums in Canada and elsewhere

have important Indian departments. Among these are: the Royal Ontario Museum; the Provincial Museum at Victoria, which has an open-air museum or park containing totem poles; the City Museum at Vancouver and the Stanley Park totem poles; the new museum of the University of British Columbia; the Museum of the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg; McGill University Museum; and the open-air park containing totems and the city museum of Prince Rupert. Other open-air museums are those in a few villages of the Upper Skeena River, where totem poles have been preserved through government or native initiative. Now that living native arts have ceased to exist, the arts of the past are winning the appreciation of present-day Canadians and Americans. They are also becoming a source of inspiration for modern art and culture.



An Indian costume from the North-eastern Woodlands, decorated with porcupine quills as was the custom. It is displayed at the Norske Museum in Oslo, Norway.



On the west side of the lake the highway north from Penticton through the valley skirts strange sandy badlands where bluffs rise in weird shapes and vegetation is limited to scattered evergreens along the edge. The road follows the lake on the west side across from Kelowna, then crosses to the east side.



Tucked away in the Okanagan hills is one of the most charming places in the district—Okanagan Mission. Father Pandosy, the "priest in buckskins," conducted his mission work from this first settlement in the Okanagan Valley. Today local farmers grow fields of gladioli and other flowers here.

The Okanagan: Sagebrush Valley of Blossoms

by ADELAIDE LEITCH

Photographs by the author

The Okanagan is a great, long, beautiful valley, hollowed by glaciers inching their way along between the rounded hills in the ice-age. It has three dead volcanoes, two thousand hours of sunlight a year, and a beloved, if mythical monster, the Ogopogo, who disports himself in the 80-mile course of Okanagan Lake and in the fondly appreciative fancies of the valley dwellers.

When the sun slides down behind the western hills that rim the valley and the lake

turns a sooty-blue in the twilight, long shadows rise past the trim, prosperous homes of the orchard men . . . past the "Big Three" cities of the valley, and the orchards which grew out of a land of sagebrush to become some of the richest in all Canada.

Here, the wilderness is still so close that a mother duck may lead her young in their water-borne procession in early summer, occasionally an elk may block the road to Naramata, or a coyote trot warily over a sandy



The old stern-wheeler S.S. Sicamous, which once plied the length of Okanagan Lake, now serves as a luxurious restaurant on the Penticton waterfront.

Like the Arrow Lakes and the Kootenays farther east, Okanagan Lake itself is little more than a widening of its river which, flowing south across the United States border, finally joins the Columbia River west of the Grand Coulee Dam, and with the Columbia eventually pours itself into the Pacific Ocean.

The Okanagan is filled with people from somewhere else. Prairie farmers have come here to retire, or to buy their own small fruit orchards. Toronto couples have arrived, sniffed the heady Okanagan air, looked at the beautiful Okanagan Valley, revelled in the long, lovely summers, and stayed. Maritimers, and even inhabitants of Vancouver — probably Canada's most cherished city — have come, seen, and been conquered. Today, even industry has, to some extent, invaded the Valley of Blossoms.

Only the Okanagan Indians, living quietly on their reserve at the south end of Okanagan Lake, have eyed the influx with some misgivings, as the growing and booming valley has encroached more and more on the land they supposed was theirs to hunt and fish and farm forever.

In the early days of the valley, the Okanagan was a hot, pleasant place with much sand and tangy sagebrush. A branch of the Salish Indians, the Okanagan Indians were a peaceable, prosperous people, living in their Happy Hunting Ground that was four miles wide and extended for 200 miles north and south of Okanagan Lake. Here, without much labour,

bluff on the shore, glancing curiously at the efforts of the fruit-pickers above him.

More than 90 per cent of British Columbia's soft fruit is concentrated in this area, in addition to quantities of harder fruits such as apples. From its million and a half fruit trees, the Okanagan has a trading area covering the world. Slant-eyed orientals on the other side of the globe bite into crisp apples that once hung on heavy limbs above Okanagan Lake. Egyptians in the shadow of the pyramid sample its choicest peaches that may have been picked and canned by holidaying schoolgirls or professional pickers. Both South America and Europe, as well as the United States, buy from the Okanagan and its business is, today, in the multi-million dollar class.

Just one hundred and twenty miles long from Osoyoos and the American border north to Armstrong and Enderby, the glacial Okanagan valley varies from three to six miles wide at the south, to nearly twelve at Armstrong in the north. Reminders of distant days are its three dead volcanoes — one behind Kelowna, one on the Hope-Princeton highway (which goes right through the bowl of it), and the third on Apex Mountain near Penticton.

Dwarf trees facilitate picking. Manager A. J. Mann inspects one at Summerland Experimental Farm.



The main street of Vernon, at the north of the valley, is wide, tidy and attractive, with the Okanagan hills in the background.

they took fish from the Okanagan River, fruits and berries from the hills; and the wild bear and goat provided them with meat for their tables.

But the beginning of the nineteenth century brought exploration of the Okanagan Valley, and the disruption of the peaceful lives of the Indians. In the wake of David Thompson, probably the first white man to see the valley, came the fur brigade, from 1813 to 1846, looking for an easy entrance into the rich fur lands of the Thompson River. Over a decade elapsed before the next phase of the valley but in 1858, when the frenzied cry of "Gold!" rang out on the Fraser River, the Okanagan was already a well-blazed trail into the interior and many gold-seekers used it.

As usually happens, in the vanguard of the early explorers, trappers and miners, came a handful of missionaries — sturdy men willing to share the hardships of a new country, as well as the Gospel. At one time, the Okanagan Valley may have been the only Christianized part of British Columbia, for one ancient map sketched in the Christian world of the west as lying in a narrow strip from the United States border, enclosing the length of Okanagan Lake, and circling on into the Cariboo.

In those days, it gave little hint of its future importance. The first trees had yet to be planted. The omnipresent sagebrush had yet to be cleared. But, in 1857, at the pretty, lake-side site of Okanagan Mission, the "priest in buckskins," Father Pandosy, had already established the first white settlement of the



Okanagan Valley. Four years later, in 1861, it had the first flour-mill of the Okanagan and, from the first fruit trees planted by Father Pandosy, there was to grow a colossal fruit industry.

From Okanagan Mission, and often bare-footed, the priest and his helpers went forth through the whole area. At the northern tip of Okanagan Lake, they stopped, logically, to build a small cabin as wayside resting-place and overnight-shelter. The Indians called the spot *Nintle-Moos-Chin* or "little jump," but around the first cabin grew up a pioneer western settlement — Priest's Valley. In time, its wagon-track streets were filled with trappers, miners, booted cowboys, tobacco-chewing farm hands, and ranchers. Later it changed its name to Centreville and this, in 1867, became Vernon, one of the valley's "Big Three."

Meanwhile, half way down the lake, a red-faced Frenchman was causing considerable hilarity among the peace-loving Indians. Augustus Gillard, formerly of the south of France, had packed up all his worldly possessions and, in 1862, arrived with his partner in the mid-Okanagan. Here, each of them staked out 320 acres of land.

Women do most of the sorting and packing of fruit. These peaches are being wrapped for export.





An Indian church and graveyard nestling in the Okanagan Valley. Many mementoes of Indian days may be found south of the lake.

When the Indians saw this big, red-faced, bearded man emerging from the low entrance of the dug-out which was his first home — and the first white habitation on that site — they doubled up with laughter.

Kim-ach-touch they nicknamed him — “bear’s face.” But it was too hard to pronounce, and later comers shortened it to “Kelowna” meaning “grizzly bear” — a name that the middle city of the Okanagan still carries.

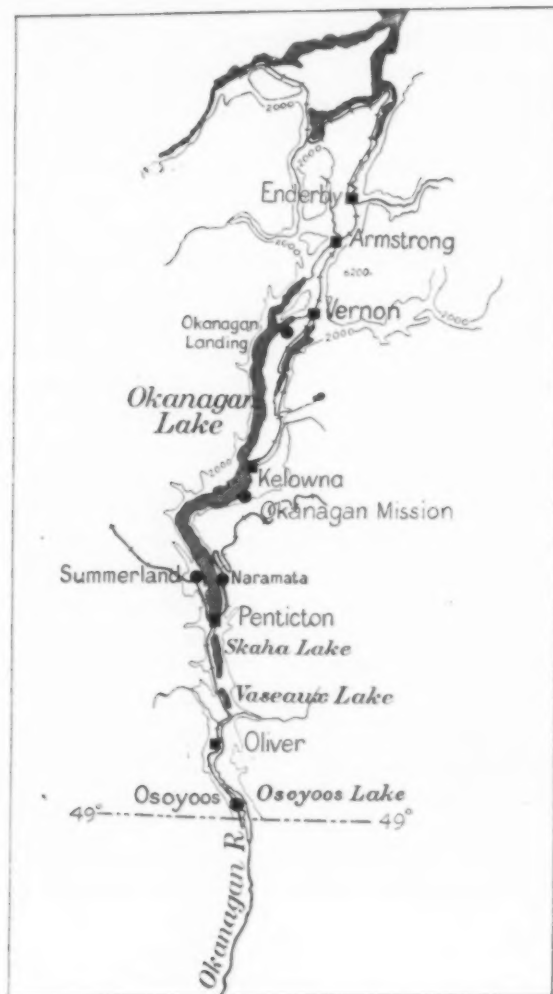
Even farther south, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Indians and fur-traders had been doing business since 1811 at a little trading post that the Indians called *Theptaenthauc* — “meeting of the ways.” Through here poured the miners and trappers heading for the Cariboo or other parts of the interior, and they shortened the name to “Paentauc” as less of a tongue-twister — the earliest name for Penticton.

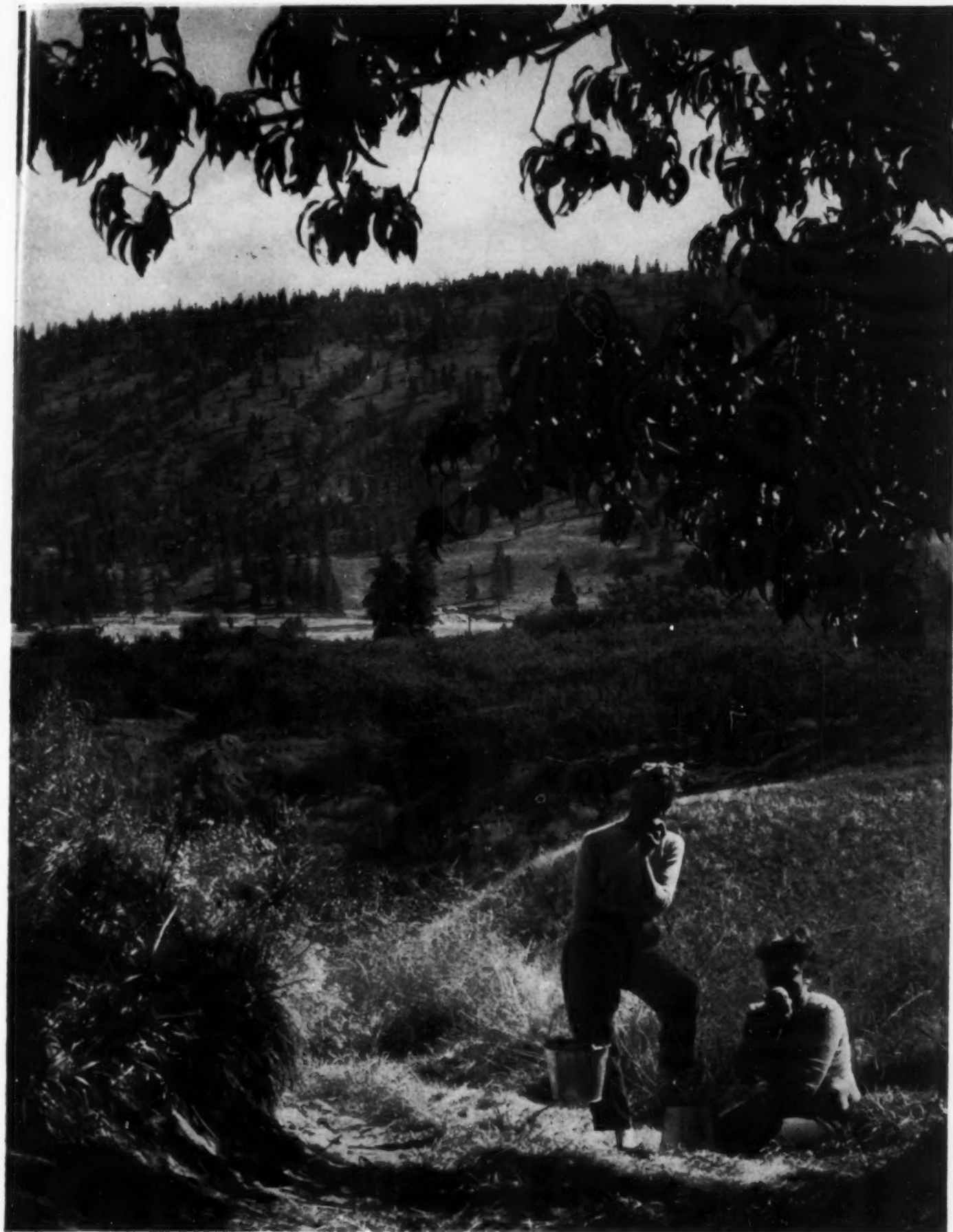
It was not until 1905, however, that the first fruit trees were planted at Penticton and the land surveyed into ten-acre lots. By 1909, there were 1,000 people here and Penticton became, officially, a town.

As the future of the valley of fruit began to brighten, the enterprising Canadian Pacific Railway put its stern-wheelers on the run between Okanagan Landing and Penticton. When the fruit cars began to fill, however, they went north — not south — to the railhead. Co-operative packing plants and a cannery appeared in Penticton and the day of the stern-wheeler and the pioneer ended with the old *S.S. Sicamous* permanently moored on the Penticton waterfront — as a luxurious restaurant.

From the town of 1,000 that Penticton was in 1909, it grew to 10,000 by 10 May, 1948, the day on which Field Marshal Viscount Alexander, Governor General of Canada, presented the charter that made it a city.

Today, the “Big Three” of the valley share a population of more than 45,000. The “little jump” of the Indians is spanned by a concrete bridge on Barnard Avenue in Vernon, and the town of the “grizzly bear” has become business centre of the valley, headquarters of British Columbia Tree Fruits Ltd., selling agent of the co-operatively owned B.C. Fruit Growers Asso-





"Peach-break" in a hillside orchard. Through the frame of peach leaves may be seen more orchard trees and the still uncultivated Okanagan hills.



Okanagan orchards are not cleaned as eastern orchards are. The sagebrush (right foreground) is ploughed back into the soil. A view of low-lying fields and Okanagan Lake.

ciation. All Okanagan Valley fruit goes to market through this co-operative selling agency.

Vernon gained its permanent name in 1889, in honour of Forbes C. Vernon, a pioneer fruit rancher and one-time owner of the famous Coldstream Ranch, but its name, originally, came from an old town in Normandy. The Vernon family came from Vernon, Normandy. Two brothers crossed to England with William the Conqueror, and one branch of the family migrated, eventually, to Ireland. It was from the Irish Vernons that the father of Vernon, B.C. came. Three years after it was named, in 1892, Vernon was incorporated as a city.

The citizens of the north Okanagan centre still like to hark back to the motto of their old French namesake, as peculiarly applicable to the British Columbia city. The motto, with its latin play on words, is also one of the earliest puns ever perpetrated — "Ver non semper viret, Vernon semper virit." Anatole France translates it to mean that while Spring (Ver) is not always green (or flourishing), *Vernon* is always flourishing (green).

A typical mill on Vernon's Lumby Road. Lumber shares the importance of fruit in the Vernon area.

Perhaps because of the antiquity of its past, Vernon today seems bent on being a kind of Texas of Canada. It has the biggest department store in the interior of British Columbia; the largest packing-house in the Commonwealth (with a million-box capacity); the largest self-contained orchard in the Commonwealth (600 acres); the largest single irrigation system in B.C. (with about 8,700 acres under irrigation).

Yet agriculture, including both fruit trees and ground crops, makes up only 40 per cent of its economy, which also includes dairying, beef production, manufacturing, and lumbering.

Early lumbering developed to assist the miners, but today its prime concern is the fruit industry which annually uses for apple boxes alone enough wood to build 5,000 homes.

Vernon developed as a ranching centre first, and fruit farming had only a tentative start in the 1870s when the ranchers began planting fruit trees around their homes to give them a more varied diet. By 1900, mixed farming was beginning to edge out cattle ranching and wheat farming.

When Lord Aberdeen, who had bought the famous Coldstream Ranch, began experimenting with irrigation on his great commercial holdings at both Vernon and Kelowna, he took the first step toward fruit farming on a large scale. Damming the winter snows on the





The valley's smaller lakes have their charm and their orchards, too. Attractive Kalamalka Lake near Vernon serves residents as a summer resort. A 1,000-foot ridge divides it from Okanagan Lake.

hills to use as irrigation water during the growing season, he also began the first irrigation project of the Okanagan.

Irrigation is still the key to the Okanagan, from the hot, dry peach and apricot lands of the south, to the hard-fruit belt of the north.

Some of the finest Okanagan orchards are still edged with the sagebrush of the long-ago Indian valley, and the Okanagan soils, lacking the rich humus of generations of deciduous trees, are poor compared to most other agricultural areas of Canada. From a valley whose main growths were pine and sage and vetch, irrigation and fertilizer have created a valley of blossoms.

Even yet, within walking distance of the yearly Peach Festival of Penticton, great, sandstone cliffs rise towards the sky, curiously barren and dry — a strange, eerie badlands in a valley so lush.

In its 120-mile length, the Okanagan Valley contains a series of distinct climatic zones, ranging from almost desert in the south, to the

higher, cooler lands of the north where precipitation is heavier, frost earlier. Like the natural flora that varies distinctly from zone to zone, the valley's fruit ranges from soft fruits like peaches and cherries of the Penticton area to the harder apple crops that do best near Vernon.

During its development, hundreds of species have been tried in the valley, most of them gradually to be weeded out until the Okanagan began to produce a highly specialized crop of what it considered its finest. Today, from hundreds of apple varieties, the Okanagan has kept only a couple of dozen and, of these, just eight make up 95 per cent of its apple production — McIntosh, Delicious, Jonathan, Wealthy, Rome Beauty, Stayman, Newton, and Winesap.

When the Summerland Experimental Farm started in 1914, it had 500 acres consisting, mainly, of sagebrush.

"A sign of good soil!" Farm Manager A. J. Mann still says, crushing a bit of sage between



Kelowna, headquarters for the Okanagan fruit industry, is reached from the west bank by ferry. The middle city in the Okanagan, half-way up the lake, its smoke-stacks indicate the industry which lately has begun to get a foothold in the valley of blossoms.



Irrigation is the key to the successful cultivation of fruit in the valley. The modest water trough has played an important role in irrigation. Most growers are now experimenting with sprinkler systems.

knowing fingers. Fifteen hundred feet above sea level, the farm still has reclaimed only 150 acres for cultivation but, since 1916 when its first apple trees went in, the Summerland Farm has climbed to an important place in Canadian agriculture. In addition to its experimental work with fruit varieties, the farm maintains its own dairy herd, and vegetable plots to experiment with field crops. Its advice is free to the farmers of the valley and they, in turn, help the farm test its newest varieties.

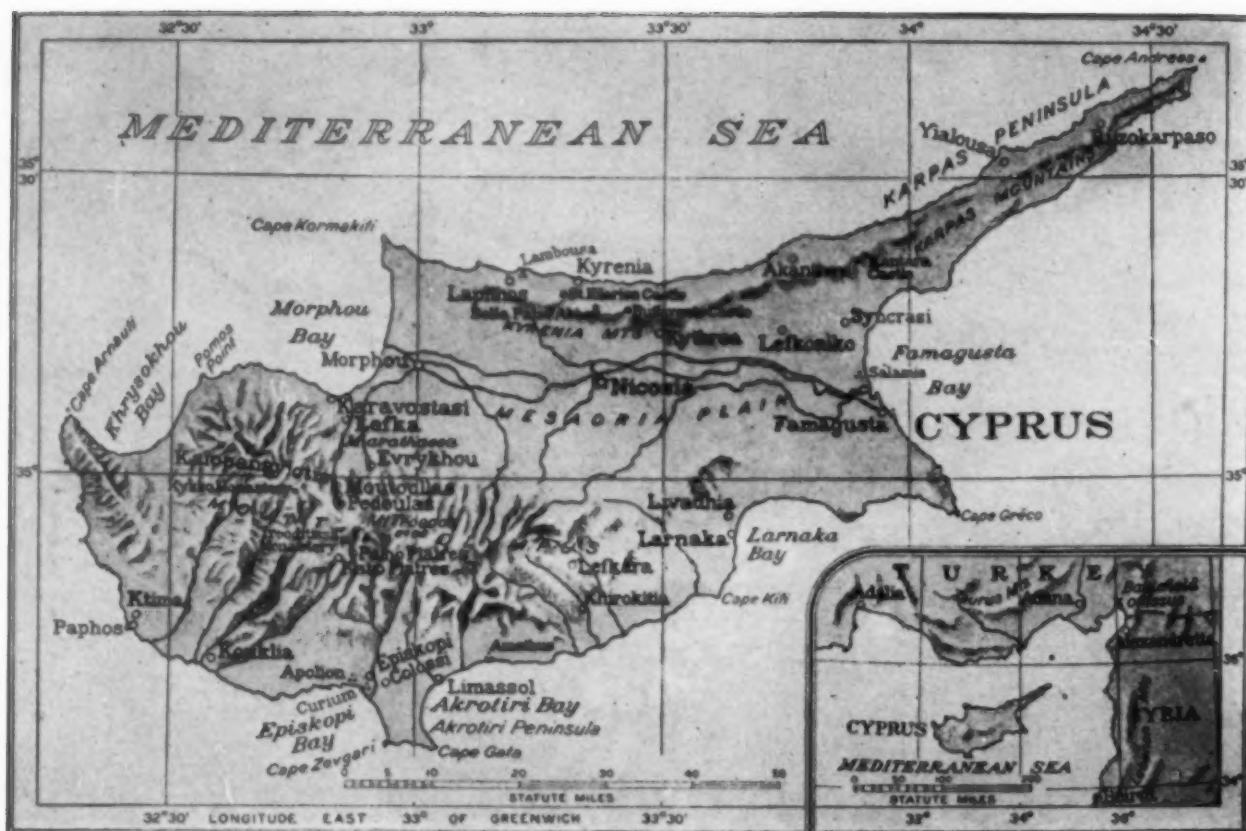
The only problem with which it cannot help is how to stop pieces of Okanagan orchards from falling into the lake — as they sometimes do when the trees lose their hold on the loose soil. One chunk once fell into the lake at Naramata large enough to create a ten-foot wave across the lake at Summerland.

Around the rim of the rich little valley, the wilderness still contains small game, pheasants, and other birds. In the game sanctuary at Vaseau Lake, a herd of big-horn sheep roam in

complete protection. At one time, a herd of elk was released in the park and an occasional one is still seen along the Naramata road.

Highest in the regard of the Okanagan people, however, is a benevolent and world-famous monster, the Ogopogo. Originating in the early legends of the Indians, who would not fish or boat in the lovely lake because of *Ne-ha-ha-itque* (or sometimes *Naitaka*), the "Snake in the Water", the Ogopogo continues today as a lively asset of the valley. Regularly, some one reports seeing him, and Vernon once tried to copyright him. Until the Ottawa copyright office ruled that only a literary or artistic work could be copyrighted, Kelowna newspaper headlines shrieked in outrage, for their Ogopogo Park contained a life-size model of the monster.

Today, the tea-pot tempest has died down, and the Ogopogo still belongs to the whole lake, lending a Never-Never flavour to the enchanting Valley of Blossoms.



Cyprus: the Paradox of the Middle East

by EILEEN JENNESS

AFTER a tempestuous five-day crossing from Naples to Cyprus, when even the stoutest sailor was "*hors de combat*" from the choppiness of "the worst sea they had experienced in nine years", we at last cast anchor a mile out from the port of Limassol, a small harbour on the south coast of the island, protected by a mole not big enough to safeguard even its own small fishing fleet. It was darkest night, and a mountainous sea was piling up wave after wave against the flat limestone shelf of coastline. By the aid of searchlights we climbed down a ladder suspended from the side of the ship, and uplifted by the strong black arms of two Cypriot sailors we leaped across the three foot abyss of sea that separated

us from the miniature fishing-smack requisitioned as our tender. Speechless from my own fear and the shrieks of terror emitted by four Italian night-club singers who were my ship-mates (they had been invited to Cyprus to entertain soldiers), I crouched tight lipped on the bench that encircled the interior of the pitching dory. Yet never have I seen such magnificent seamanship: the two fishermen-sailors, calm as though they were sailing in a sea of glass, guided our small tender up and down over the gigantic waves, now halting the speed of the engine, when the boat shuddered with uncertainty, now speeding it madly forward as an enormous wave bore down upon us, to land us at last safely beside one of the cement jetties

that project into the sea in front of the custom house. One by one, officers politely but firmly searched us for hidden weapons; a customs official with a smile and an apology (no doubt on orders from the Agricultural Department) took away the luscious fruits we had bought at Athens; and with thoroughness but courtesy, others made a check-up of the entire contents of our luggage. It was now almost two in the morning, and with a sigh of relief we turned to a porter to lead us to a taxi, and to the hotel where three weeks before we had engaged rooms. Thank heaven, we were at the end of the road, British subjects with our feet firmly planted on the soil of a good British isle! But, the experience of the last five days and that midnight landing on an island that we had always understood to be "the unspoiled paradise of the Mediterranean", was but prophetic of things to come; and already after a few months we are resigned in the belief that, in spite of its strange grey beauty, of its magnificent bastioned mountains whose ancient castles still etch their outlines across the skyline, of its fertile plains lush in mid-winter with sprouting wheat and barley, of its splendid flocks of "fat-tailed" sheep herded by turbaned Turks, its groves of resida-green olives, and its citrus orchards loaded down with ripened fruit, Cyprus must now be called the strangest paradox of the Middle East.

On that memorable first night we found all the rooms of the hotel where we had expected to sleep long since occupied, but the proprietor had engaged accommodation for us in a small hotel nearby. Too tired to complain, we ac-

cepted without a murmur the room we were offered, though its wooden unpainted floor had evidently not been washed for many months. Next morning we descended to the dining-room, fearing the worst; and we were offered the best breakfast we had eaten since we left our native land. Excellent meals and the most willing service continued until we left two days later, convinced that we had been enjoying the friendly hospitality of a house of "ill repute"! Though Limassol is the third largest town in Cyprus, it contains little of interest except beautiful exotic flora, attractive parks, ultra-modern playgrounds for children, and a fortress of the thirteenth century. The ancient city, Old Limassol or Amathus, lies about five miles distant, and though today it is but a heap of ruins, in Roman times it was one of the rich capitals of Cyprus. Even when Richard Coeur de Lion of England landed in 1191, and in revenge for insults to his sister and to his betrothed conquered the island, Amathus was still a Bishopric and an important port. Razed to the ground and abandoned in the same century, it has never been systematically excavated owing to lack of funds, though rich antiquities have been unearthed from its ruins and housed in the Cyprus Museum and in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

After exploring for two days Limassol's crowded, noisy, and not too friendly streets, we engaged a taxi to drive us the fifty-four miles inland to the capital, Nicosia, where we hoped to find an apartment or small house for our six months' sojourn. We had been warned abroad that Cyprus roads were non-existent or

Flocks of "fat-tailed" sheep trail along the side-roads and woodland paths, nibbling everything green as they wander. Sturdy turbaned peasants, with their goatskin bags suspended from their shoulders, shepherd them vigilantly.





Little remains of one of the most famous temples of antiquity, the temple of Aphrodite at Kouklia ("Old Paphos"); but nature has not yet destroyed this lovely secluded sandy cove on the seashore nearby, in the foamy crest of whose waves Aphrodite is supposed to have been born.

"the worst in the world", but we need not have worried—railways, it is true, have ceased to exist except as outlets to the copper mines, but a network of good paved roads, narrow but excellently graded on the many steep and winding mountain routes, crisscrosses and encircles the entire island. With comfort and ease then, only two hours after leaving Limassol, we arrived in the capital. There, Government officials advised us not to remain, as it was the headquarters of the Military Governor and of a number of British troops, and hence, temporarily, an "unpleasant spot". Even during our short stay a home-made bomb was thrown into the office of the Cyprus Airways across the road from our hotel, and within a quarter of a mile two others exploded in a larger hotel during an official reception. Since that time, terrorist acts, more violent and more cowardly, have been directed day after day against unsuspecting and completely innocent individuals, small children often being the victims. But perhaps history is only repeating itself, because this island has passed a strange and troubled existence during the years of the Christian era, via Roman, Byzantine, English, French, Venetian, Turkish and once more English suzerainties, with intermittent invasions during the earlier years by Arab raiders. And in the nineteen centuries that have intervened since Saint Paul tried to christianize its pagan inhabitants,

the Cypriots have devoted more of their energies to fomenting revolts against their rulers, than to building up any strong or truly original civilization of their own. Today their capital presents a paradoxical picture. Little remains intact or unspoiled of the fine Byzantine and mediaeval churches and palaces that once adorned its streets; only its magnificent city walls and gates, a rich heritage from the Venetians, with the moat transformed in recent years into gardens and playgrounds, and its thirteenth century Gothic cathedral of Saint Sophia, changed in spirit and form into a Turkish mosque, bear witness to the engineering and architectural abilities of earlier days. Beyond the walls, town-planners have in modern times laid out delightful suburbs, with villas and apartment houses surrounded by semi-tropical gardens and exotically lovely trees. But the centre of the city remains a baffling labyrinth of winding and zig-zag lanes that lack plan or order, and are lined with open-front Mediterranean "markets" and an infinitesimal number of unoriginal and uninteresting shops. The main thoroughfare, Ledra Street, attains a width of perhaps thirty feet at its widest part, and fifteen feet at its narrowest, with sidewalks or raised platforms one and one-half feet wide taut against the buildings on either side. Yet the entire traffic of the city—trucks, private cars, loads of building materials,

bicycles, and pedestrians—several times a day becomes completely stalled between its narrow walls, awaiting a truck to unload its mortar, or a bus to disgorge its passengers and freight, before it can proceed once more at its snail's pace. (Fortunately, since the Government Emergency Measures have been put into force, Ledra has become a one-way road with restricted traffic.) To add to the confusion the entire quarter towards mid-day becomes a veritable Babylon: Greeks, Turks, Armenians and Syrians carry on the business of the city in their own tongues, and the merchants spend much of their time in the doorways or in the streets talking and bargaining, with voices abnormally raised above the incredible din. At any moment too, an exasperated donkey, trucking his enormous load to market, or tied to a roadside post perhaps since early morning, may raise his astounding complaint against the inhumanity of man-in-general.

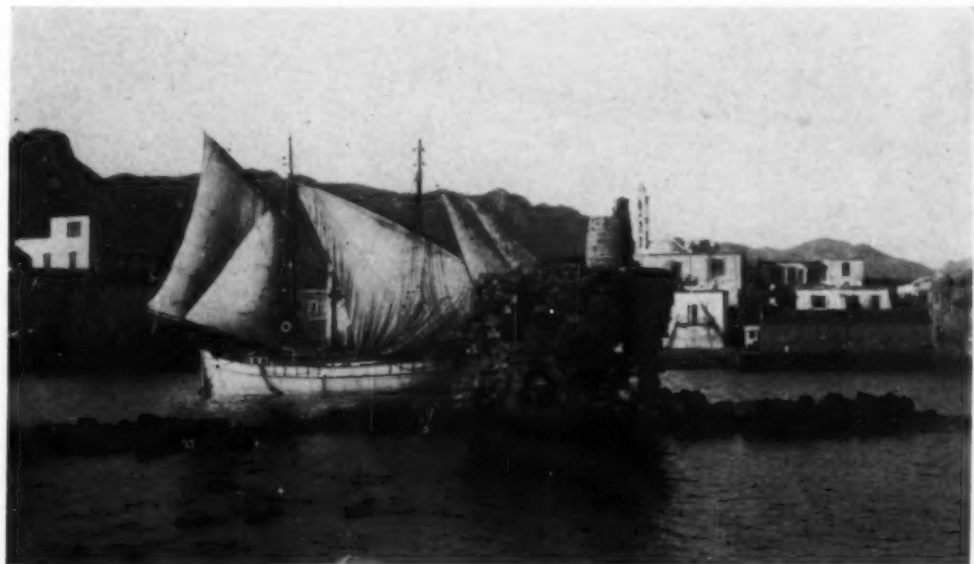
In this semi-oriental, semi-Western "bazaar", a thin layer of European luxury goods (overstuffed furniture, washing-machines, pressure cookers) creates the plate-glass front to the enormous mass of unattractive merchandise that fills the interiors. In my search for lovely products of cottage industries, I turned at last to the "Woman's Market", held every Friday in the centre of the city. Nothing could have exceeded my disappointment—in the closely packed stalls that filled the square, where poor deluded women buyers were jostling and shoving to grab what I believe to be merely discards of numerous local and "outside" factories, I could find nothing. For their native embroi-

deries, real silk, hand-loomed cloth of wool, cotton, or hemp, hand-made rugs, or art pottery, my only resort was to the tourist shops, where expensive products made to order can hardly be called original or indigenous. The unguided work of the women and young girls, who spend most of their leisure hours either weaving at the hand-loom or creating intricate patterns of embroidery, definitely lacks artistry; and even the technically excellent pottery, painted and incised, which native artists in small village factories turn out in quantity for the tourist, fails to preserve the aesthetic tradition of former days.

That such a lack did not always exist, can be plainly seen from the treasures displayed in the halls of the Cyprus Museum. Objects recovered from destroyed and overgrown cities of earlier civilizations—ivories, alabasters, painted vases, figurines, ornaments of gold, and statues, idols and numerous other articles of bronze—all reveal the labour of craftsmen with a strong feeling for beauty. Cyprus has always been considered an antiquarian's paradise, and the Museum continues to carry on a splendid tradition of archaeological work in spite of lack of funds and intermittent Enosis disturbances in its neighbourhood. Recently it has unearthed further priceless treasure both from the Roman city of Salamis, and from the half-buried ruins of Engomi, an exceptionally large and wealthy Bronze Age city of the second millenium B.C., which archaeologists now recognize as the ancient capital "Alasia" mentioned in early Phoenician and Hittite texts.

In Nicosia we lived very close to the Mu-

Kyrenia harbour, the one safe anchorage for small boats on the island's northern coast. A fully-rigged fishing-boat shelters behind the abandoned lighthouse of mediaeval days.





In the tenth century a Byzantine church and monastery was erected on the highest peak of the Kyrenia mountains in memory of St. Hilarion, a pious Syrian hermit. The French, during their regime, converted the monastery into a fortified castle. The Venetians in the fifteenth century demolished the fortress; and today its partially restored halls and fortifications are but a phantom of mediaeval splendour.

seum, and when one day we found both it and our hotel cordoned off by the Military to avoid further acts of "national patriotism", we decided that we might, with wisdom, move down to the less vulnerable coastal town of Kyrenia, sixteen miles away. There, without difficulty, we rented a modern bungalow surrounded by a small formal garden and shaded by the gnarled arms of a native "carobe" tree—the "black-gold" of Cyprus, because its fruit, a long chocolate-coloured bean used for fodder and oil, is the island's richest item of export. The front of our house faced upon shimmering groves of olive trees, whose pale greens finally dissolved in the jagged skyline of the Coastal Range and the mediaeval ruins of St. Hilarion's castle; our rear balcony, from which we could clearly discern across the forty-mile strait the snow-capped mountains of Turkey, overlooked the "picture-postcard" harbour of Kyrenia, barely large enough to shelter a few local fishing-boats but guarded by a lighthouse and an impressive twelfth century fortress. The town itself, though in pre-christian days one of the island's capitals, and in mediaeval times a thriving seaport, is today but a small settlement, where business caters chiefly to the farmers and fruit growers of the vicinity and to the numerous British residents who have built or rented modern bungalows on its outskirts. Its quietness and good winter climate made it an excellent base from which to explore the country, especially the many archaeological sites nearby, and the picturesque monasteries, on high and secluded mountains, whither men

have pilgrimaged since the time of the Crusades. Of these mediaeval abbeys, mainly belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church, the island can boast nineteen, some of them enormously wealthy, having amassed their riches from land possessions, from dispensations, and from the generous donations of pilgrims.

One might expect that Cyprus' rich and varied past, and the presence of so many historical treasures, would have stimulated the inhabitants to rise to a unique cultural level. Unfortunately this has not been the case. A real intelligensia tries vainly to carry the torch of a cherished, somewhat falsified, "classical" past—but this represents a very small percentage, only those brilliant students who attained their training abroad by means of scholarships, and the few who through sheer ambition forged for themselves a niche in the country's affairs. On the other hand, the Greek-Cypriot peasant, merchant and ordinary town-dweller seems unbelievably insular and devoid of inspiration: and he lacks even an appreciation of the rich historical heritage that lies right at his feet. In our drives about the countryside, we find to our dismay, many of the people living in a state of incredible uncleanness and confusion, though possessing good brick bungalows with cement or tile floors, small plots of land with fruit-trees and kitchen-gardens, and often several acres sown in wheat and barley. For years the Government has tried to improve their agriculture, forming village committees to work "with them" and "for them", introducing co-operatives (with some success), and

issuing numerous valuable reports with suggestions for better methods; but a traditional attitude "what was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us", added to a stubborn, and encouraged, disregard of advice, has completely stymied innumerable projects that would have vastly improved farming conditions. On the other hand, one can observe in widely scattered districts the co-operation with which the Turks (approximately 100,000 in a population of 515,000) have welcomed these reforms; their weed-free lands are etched with contour ploughing; their uplands well terraced to prevent erosion; irrigation ditches and aqueducts kept clean to conserve water; and their olive trees well groomed and well banked to conserve the moisture. Naturally this contrast between Turk and Greek labour (unhappily an ineradicable hatred exists between these two peoples) does not apply universally over the island; but it is evident enough to provoke comment in the most casual tour of the country, before one has even enquired into underlying prejudices.

An intangible cause of stagnation is the adherence to family laws of inheritance and marriage, left over from the period of Turkish rule, with results so confusing as to be comic-opera were they not so sad. The Government has vainly tried to abolish these laws, obsolete and unworkable in the modern world, and in 1946 and again more recently it enacted others more suited to modern conditions; but little real progress has resulted, the tentacles of ancient

custom and the squabbling that takes place amongst family groups often negating all possibility of settlements. A man may today own the land he has paid for, together with the house upon it that his fiancée has provided as her dowry; but he is lucky indeed if he owns the well that gives him water to drink, the trees that grow on the property, the fruit of those trees, or even their shade to protect him from the summer heat. And a girl may accept the man of her parent's choice, wear on her finger the gold engagement band that the priest has blessed, and present her fiancé with a fully furnished house; but should the latter be dissatisfied after they have lived together during the period of "engagement", he may ask the priest for a dispensation and then, with a clear conscience, turn his "fiancée" out into the street, a discredited woman. Such mediaeval customs, combined with the tenacious superstitions that accompany them, cannot be called compatible with twentieth century progress.

A real stumbling block too seems to be grounded in the education of Cypriot youth. Though the British Government has built excellent elementary and high schools throughout the country, providing every child on the island with the opportunity of an education, it has made the grave error of allowing the textbooks and curriculum of the Greek-Cypriot student to be largely governed from Athens, and those of the Turkish minority from Turkey. The teaching of the elementary Greek schools, though carried on often by conscientious and

In earlier times camels formed the chief transport animals on the island. Today their numbers have dwindled to less than 100, as the automobile has been steadily driving them from the roads.





Cattle troughs and a tap for the inhabitants' drinking water. The government has now piped water to even the remotest villages.

U.K.I.O.

well behaved Cypriots, trained in local teachers' colleges, is narrow in the extreme, and psychologically even harmful. The text-books lack originality, humour, and worse still, the faintest sign of creative writing or art. The readers contain stories purely and simply didactic, historically misleading, and often nauseatingly puerile—very doubtful training for the most formative period of children's lives. We are studying the language with a Cypriot of higher than average intelligence, and we read from text-books used all over the island but prepared in Athens. At one point during a lesson my exasperation burst the bounds of all diplomacy and I exclaimed: "Why do not *you* write one or two real text-books, to replace this sickly treacle? Cyprus contains a wealth of natural history, historical treasures, and picturesque legends that would stimulate the creative faculties of any child, and channel pent-up energies into constructive thinking and action, instead of permitting those energies to be canalized by evil influences into negative and destructive streams?" The teacher answered naïvely, that five years ago the Education Department had tried to introduce an entire set

of new text-books into the schools, but such a hue and cry had ensued from the mothers and local committees, all completely satisfied with the *status quo*, that the Government had abandoned the project. I shudder to think of what might be the result of such psychologically stupid text-books or attitudes on the critical youth of America. And I shudder, alas, to see what is perhaps a result here: pupils of the elementary schools, directed by a "heady" ringleader and completely out of control of their teachers or school-principals, throwing stones, broken bottles, and hob-nailed sticks at young soldiers on duty, or at conscientious government officials, Cypriot-Greek as well as English, chosen from the best brains of their respective countries and struggling single-mindedly to improve and rehabilitate a run-down and wasted land.

This low calibre training in the elementary schools must carry part of the blame, also, for the general lack of international outlook of the high school students or the majority of the local adults. There are, it is true, broader-minded young Cypriots who feel stifled by the insular and church-controlled atmosphere. But

these, together with many in search of "rich foreign fields", are leaving the island at the rate of over three hundred a month, not to emigrate to the "beloved Fatherland" of their text-books, but, strange though it seems, to make their homes in England or in one of the more prosperous countries of the British Commonwealth.

But let me end on a happier note. When I awake in the morning, and throw open the shutters of my bedroom, to face the sunrise and the soaring height of "Pentadactylos" or "Mountain of the Five Fingers", a cheerful chorus of song greets me, such as I have heard in no other country. From the foothills and the nearby coast come innumerable small birds to flit in and out of my carobe tree, to await the breakfast of seeds and crumbs that I sacrilegiously scatter for them on an ancient block of Roman marble. The chaffinches fill the air with their gay persistent "tsiri-tiri-tsiri-tro"; the timid thrushes fly hither and yon, from time to time acclaiming with their sharp robin-like "chirp chirp" some item of bird news; the small exuberant wagtail, poetically called in Greek "*sousouratha*", rushes in and out between meadow and roadway searching for pre-breakfast tit-bits, all the while seesawing his pert tail up and down as though locomotion depended upon it; and the many coloured finches and tiny buntings, too numerous to identify, twitter and chatter with an abandon that surely announces the spring. For Cyprus is an ornithologist's Eden, where, with the first warmth of February, the entire countryside springs into life and music, and, for the birds at least, all economic and political worries vanish "on wings of song".

Simultaneously the fields and rocky uplands burst into a mosaic of blossoms that put to shame the flowers that we tend with such care in our gardens. Unabashed amidst the fallen columns of the Roman forum at Salamis spring up countless long-stemmed, waxy anemones, rose, mauve, deep blue, or a glorious rare shade of crimson. In the ruined courtyards and hallways of overgrown Lamvousa, a city sacked and destroyed by Arabs 1,300 years ago, delicate clumps of wild cyclamen raise their heads from clusters of dark green leaves almost as beautiful as themselves. And in between the rock-hewn tombs of the necropolis at Vounous, resting place of Cypriots 2,000 years before Christ, flourish almost all the wild flowers that exist on the island: the bell-like yellow oxalis in its riotous bed of trefoil leaves; the purple "screaming-mandrake", a coarse yet beautiful weed; carpets of calla-lilies, now only tiny colourless "jacks-in-the-pulpit", but later to become stately blossoms; and finally, protected from the "common herd" in isolated clusters around the trees, those aristocrats of the botanical world, the black "mourning" tulips, the multi-coloured ranunculi, and the royal-blue flowers of the hyacinth. Perhaps in the not-too-distant future, paradoxical though it may seem today, Cyprus may once again merit the lush description of its attractions, published in one of the tourist guides: "The colour of flower-drenched fields in spring . . . the heavy perfume of the orange groves; and the deep fundamental serenity of the countryside; these can only be experienced in Cyprus, legendary birthplace of Venus . . . where the visitor is received by a courteous, friendly people, and can never feel a stranger."

The farmer owning the donkey wheel has imitated the government system of concrete channels to feed the water to his fields. U.K.I.O.





A view north towards Mount Orford across Lake Memphremagog. The lake extends from Magog in Quebec's Eastern Townships to Newport, across the border in Vermont.

Lake Memphremagog — Gem of the Eastern Townships

by W. E. GREENING

Quebec Publicity Bureau photographs

OF THE LAKES of Southern Ontario and Quebec, few are more beautiful than Memphremagog. Its northern end is at the city of Magog, about eighty miles east of Montreal in the heart of the Eastern Townships, and its waters extend in a long narrow ribbon southwards across the United States boundary into the State of Vermont, ending at the city of Newport. Its geographical location

is striking. It is bounded on the west by the northernmost spires of the Green Mountains Range which at this point extends northwards into the Province of Quebec. These mountains, in turn, are part of the great Appalachian chain which extends all the way (near the Atlantic coast) from Georgia to the Gaspé Peninsula, and near the western shores of the lake are located some isolated peaks which

are among the highest in Southern Quebec. These include the Owl's Head (2,763 feet) near Mansonville about ten miles north of the international boundary and Mount Orford (2,800 feet) a short distance north of Magog. Some of the prospects looking up and down the lake, especially from Magog and Newport, are impressive in their sweep and variety.

The general landscape here, with the rolling hills covered with maple, oak and pine extending in gentle undulations to the water's edge and the loftier mountains in the background near the United States boundary, gives an impression which is reminiscent of some of the regions of the foot-hills of the Alps near the Swiss boundary of France. But even today, after a century and a half of settlement, some of the country along the lake with its steep and jagged rocky cliffs has a wild and primitive look. Its long, safe, sandy beaches and its charming rocky islands make it an ideal summer playground and it is easily accessible from large cities in Eastern Canada and the United States.

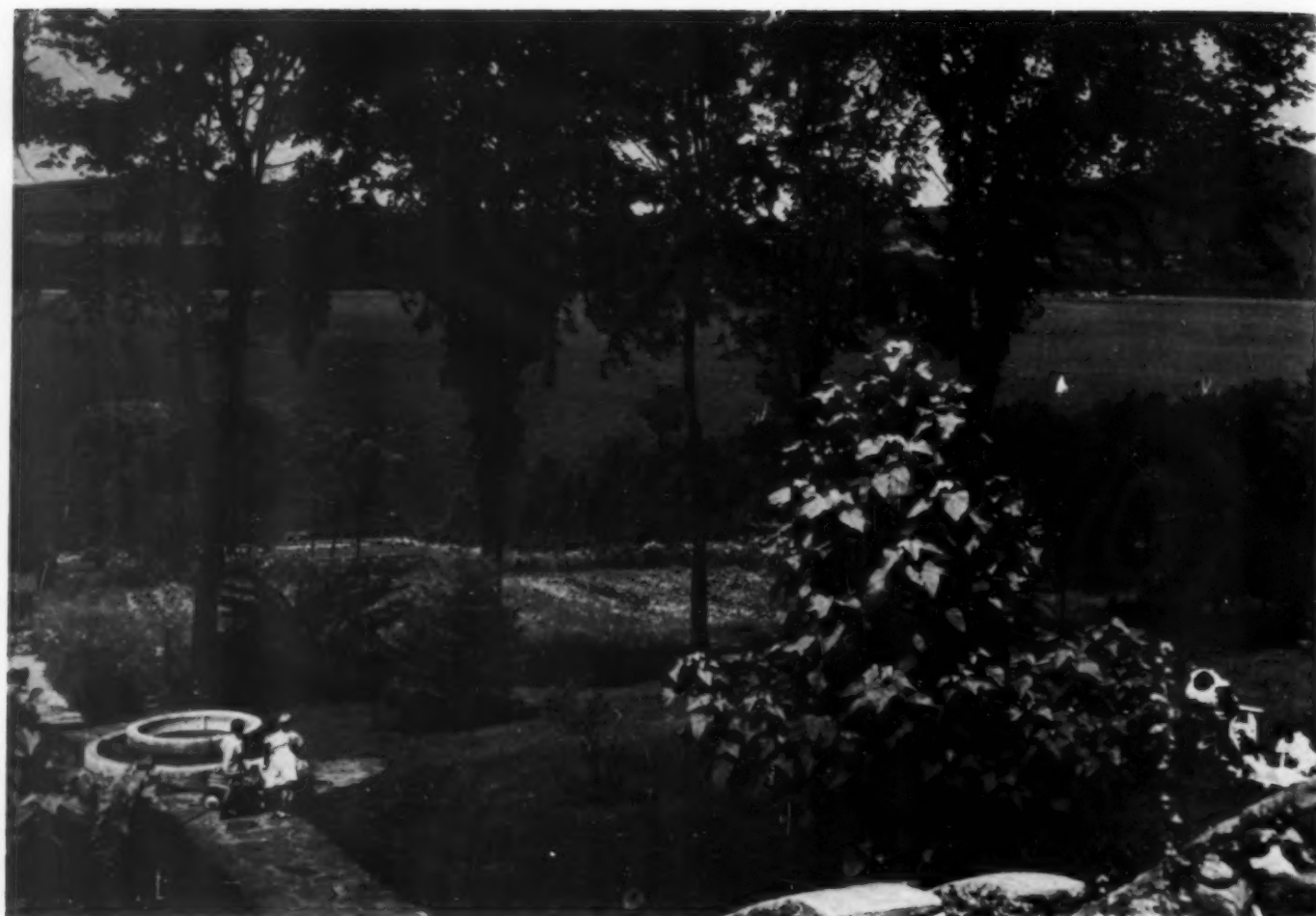
The chief outlet of the lake is at the north through the Magog River into the St. Francis and thence to the St. Lawrence. This route served as a convenient way of travel for the Indian tribes of the region in their frequent raids and war parties during the struggles between England and France in North America in the eighteenth century. Along these waters passed many bands of redmen bringing prisoners to the French in Quebec from the English settlements to the south in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. General Joseph Stark of Vermont, the victor of the Battle of Bennington and one of the prominent American soldiers of the Revolution, was brought into this district as a prisoner by the Abenakis Indians during the Seven Years' War and was eventually adopted as a member of their tribe.

This whole region of the Province of Quebec was first colonized in the years after the American Revolution by settlers from the neighbouring New England States who preferred to

retain their allegiance to the British crown rather than become citizens of the new republic. One of these pioneers, a rugged Quaker frontiersman named Nicholas Austin, a native of Somersworth, New Hampshire came northward during these years through the wilderness across the international boundary in quest of good farm land. In 1791 he and his family settled in the Township of Bolton on the west side of the lake and created for themselves a small community in the forests there. He also built a small grist mill at the north end of the lake near the present-day site of Magog. Soon he was followed by other settlers from New Hampshire and Vermont who founded settlements both on the Canadian and the American sides of the lake. Newport came into existence in this way in 1791 and Stanstead on the Canadian side in 1796. During the War of 1812 this section of the boundary between Vermont and Lower Canada was the scene of large-scale smuggling activities. In spite of the fact that the American Government, through the embargo of President Jefferson, tried to prohibit all commercial intercourse between Great Britain and her Canadian colonies and the United States, bold and resourceful Cana-

One of the pleasantest ways of exploring the lake — aboard a sailboat on a sunny summer day.





A glimpse of the lake through the trees not far from the well-known Hermitage Club.

dian smugglers succeeded in eluding the American Customs and revenue officers and conducted an extensive traffic across the boundary, driving whole herds of cattle along backwoods mountain trails from Montreal to communities in Northern Vermont where they found a ready market.

After the war, as the settlements grew in size, this entire area developed into one of the most flourishing agricultural regions of Lower Canada. From the very start, life took on a distinctly American stamp because of the New England origin of many of the settlers. This presented a sharp contrast to the French and Catholic communities to the north in the Valley of the St. Lawrence. The pattern of colonization was quite different from that typical of the area around Quebec City and Three Rivers. This region of Lower Canada never formed part of the seigniorial system during the French régime prior to 1763. The land here was not laid

out in long narrow strips like the St. Lawrence River parishes but in rectangular-shaped farms and townships in the American style. The local residents were mostly fervent Protestants and they set up a free school system after the American model. The little wooden farm-houses which were built during this period were very similar to those to be found in the communities in New Hampshire and Vermont directly across the boundary.

At this time the hills and the mountains along both sides of the lake were covered with a thick growth of high grade hardwoods and softwoods, and lumbering was an important industry here for many years. The maple groves have also provided a great deal of revenue for the local farmers. The maple syrup and sugar of the Eastern Townships have always been noted for their high quality.

During the middle years of the nineteenth century the progress of this area was greatly

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

aided by the coming of the railways. The Connecticut and Passumpsic line, which was completed in 1862 between Wells Rivers on the Connecticut River and Newport, and the Missisquoi Valley railway completed a decade later, running from Newport northward into Canada, gave direct access both to Boston and Montreal. A few years later the Quebec Central was built from Newport through Sherbrooke to Quebec City near the east shore of the lake. At the same time, the great natural beauties of Memphremagog were coming to be widely known among Americans and Canadians and the district was already developing into a popular summer resort area. Large wooden hotels were built along its shores at such points as the foot of the Owl's Head. The Memphremagog House, located near Newport in the American section of the lake, had accommodation for more than four hundred guests and was one of the fashionable summer places of this era. Wealthy residents of Montreal and other cities built attractive and sometimes very elaborate summer homes near the lake. Sir Hugh Allan, a shipping magnate of

Montreal, who had a large estate on the east side of the lake near Georgeville, constructed a large and luxuriously fitted steam yacht which was a small replica of one of his trans-Atlantic liners. He used to cruise up and down the lake in this vessel. In the summer of 1866 it transported Prince Arthur, one of the sons of Queen Victoria, to the Memphremagog House.

By this time, there were several steam vessels providing regular service up and down this body of water during the summer months. The first of these, *The Mountain Maid*, was built and launched at Georgeville in 1849. It was succeeded by a much larger paddle-wheel vessel, *The Lady of the Lake*, also owned by Sir Hugh Allan, which had been built on the shores of the Clyde in Scotland and which operated between Magog and Newport until the First World War.

Some prominent people from England and Europe visited the region during the period and recorded their impressions. The celebrated English novelist, Anthony Trollope, in an account of his travels in North America which was published in London in 1862, talks of

St. Benoit du Lac, home of the Benedictine monks (right), with the mountains and Lake Memphremagog in the background. The monastery is visited by many pilgrims and tourists every year.





Looking across the fields from Georgeville on Lake Memphremagog, with Mount Orford on the horizon.

taking the steamer down the lake from Magog and of climbing to the top of the Owl's Head. He described the panorama of the surrounding lakes and forests as being very fine and well worth the trip.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century, there was a considerable industrial development at both the Canadian and American ends of the lake. Newport became one of the most important centres in Northern Vermont and the home of extensive lumber mills and wood product and machine tool factories. Magog came into prominence at the beginning of the 1880s with the construction there of some of the first large textile mills in the Province of Quebec. The town has continued to be an important centre of textile production in Canada ever since.

In the Canadian community of Beebe near the eastern side of the lake near the American boundary are located some very large and important granite and limestone deposits. This has become one of the leading centres for the quarrying of granite in Canada. Handsome granite from the quarries at Beebe has gone into the construction of many imposing modern buildings in Toronto, Montreal and other Canadian cities during the past few years. Near by, Rock Island has important machine tool and corset factories.

During the past half-century, there have been important and far-reaching changes in the character of the population in this region of the province. The descendants of the original English-speaking settlers who first colonized the area at the beginning of the nineteenth

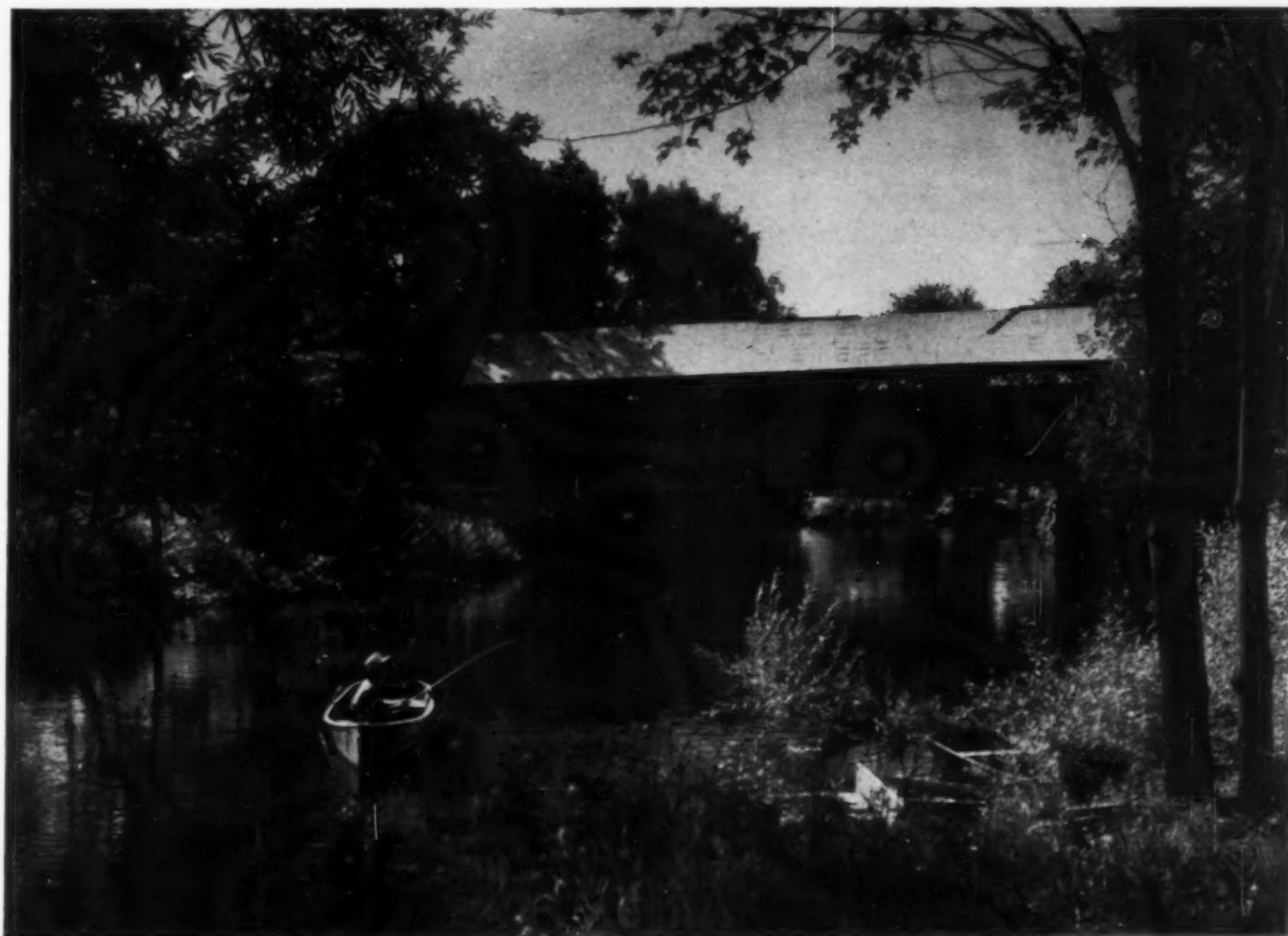
LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

century have sold their farms and migrated to large cities such as Montreal. Many of these farms have been bought by French-speaking farmers who have migrated southward with their families along the St. Francis River from the region along the St. Lawrence between Three Rivers and Quebec City. The consequence of this movement of population has been that in the district around the lake the communities are now French rather than English in their general character. French names have replaced English ones on the white mail boxes along the country roads. Such cities as Magog have become almost completely French in the language of their residents and their general way of life. There are settlements in this part of Quebec with English names where few local inhabitants of Anglo-Saxon origin remain. The little white wooden Protestant churches and meeting-houses of the New England type have been replaced by the taller and more imposing grey stone Catholic places of

worship with their lofty spires. This is part of the process by which the Eastern Townships region of the Province of Quebec is gradually becoming French in civilization and tongue. The tide of French settlement has also progressed southward across the international boundary into the northern regions of the States of Vermont and New Hampshire.

Yet, in spite of this industrial development, the region remains one of the great vacation lands of Eastern Canada. Its progress as a tourist centre has been aided by its excellent road and rail connections. One of the main highways between the New England States, Sherbrooke and Quebec City runs very close to Lake Memphremagog. The waters of the lake with their abundant trout, bass, muskellunge and other game fish offer much attraction for the angler, and the amateur yachtsman and the motor-boat enthusiast. The slopes of the surrounding hills, where the snow often reaches a depth of several feet during the months of

Fishing in one of the small streams flowing into the lake. A picturesque covered bridge is seen in the background.





Mount Orford and Lake Orford, as seen from the Montreal-Sherbrooke highway. Les Jeunesses Musicales, an international organization for young musicians, has a summer camp near Mount Orford.

February and March, are excellent for skiing. Today the shores of the lake are bordered by numerous summer camps, such as Camp Memphremagog on the west shore, where children from many cities of Canada and the United States can get the full benefit of this splendid environment. Mount Orford at the northern end of the lake has been made into a provincial park by the Quebec Government. The view from its summit is a magnificent one, embracing a large area of the Eastern Townships, the whole of Lake Memphremagog and the chains of mountains gradually rising towards the south until it culminates in the cone of Jay Peak, 4,000 feet high, in the Green Mountains Range just across the boundary in Vermont.

The region around Lake Memphremagog has

recently taken on considerable importance from the cultural standpoint. At the base of Mount Orford is located the summer camp of *Les Jeunesses Musicales*, an international organization for young musicians which has many branches in the towns and cities of the Province of Quebec. During the months of July and August many courses are given here in various branches of the art of music, including the study of composition, voice, piano, violin and instruments of orchestra and band. This community, which was founded only a few years ago, has already become an important centre of musical study and activity. Its courses are attended every year by students from all parts of Canada.

Farther to the south, on the west side of the lake, about ten miles below Magog with a very

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

fine panorama to the east and south, is located the Benedictine Monastery of St. Benoit du Lac. This edifice, which is one of the finest examples of modern Catholic architecture in Canada, has become an important centre for the study and performance of various types of medieval church music, such as the Gregorian chant, and its courses have become world famous.

On the other side of the lake, several miles to the east, in the village of Stanstead is one of the important Protestant institutions of higher learning—the co-educational Stanstead College. This is the home of the Summer School of the Department of Geography of McGill University. Here prominent authorities on many phases of the study of geography from Canada, the United States and Europe give courses

every summer on a wide variety of subjects. A special emphasis is placed on the study of geography and the natural resources of the Arctic regions of Canada in co-operation with the Arctic Institute of North America. The students during their courses take many field trips to surrounding points of interest to study the geological and geographical features of the region.

The Lake Memphremagog region of the Province of Quebec, like the whole of the Eastern Townships area, is an interesting transition zone between the French and Catholic civilization of the older settled regions of French Canada along the St. Lawrence River and the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant culture of the New England States to the south in the United States.

From the golf course of the Hermitage Club there is a fine view of Lake Memphremagog. The lake is one of the favourites of the district because of its sandy beaches and attractive setting.





British Columbia's Manning Park

by LYN HARRINGTON

Photographs by RICHARD HARRINGTON

TOURISTS and residents alike rejoiced in November 1949 when the 83-mile Hope-Princeton Highway was officially opened. It gave Princeton a direct route from the Okanagan Valley to Vancouver. It made accessible to Vancouver the beautiful vacationland of Manning Park, previously reached only by pack-horse trail.

The park, named to commemorate Ernest C. Manning, a Chief Forester who was killed in an aeroplane crash, is situated on the 49th parallel, astride part of the Cascade Range. Its 179,313 acres include lofty mountains and deep valleys, placid lakes and tumbling streams, alpine meadows and beaver ponds. This park is neither the largest nor the small-

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S MANNING PARK

est of British Columbia's provincial parks, but it is claimed to have the greatest diversity of them all.

At Hope, head of the Fraser Valley, the road divides. Highway No. 1 goes north through the Fraser Canyon, while No. 3, the Hope-Princeton Highway, streaks east. The road rises swiftly, with the rushing waters of the Coquihalla River alongside. Other streams cross, and the road soars upward through rock cuts to scenes of panoramic loveliness.

Before he knows it, the traveller is in Manning Park, for the park's new dimensions have stretched out on both sides of the road far to the west. Set aside as the Three Brothers Mountain Game Preserve in 1931, the area was increased in size and gazetted as a provincial park in 1941. It was again

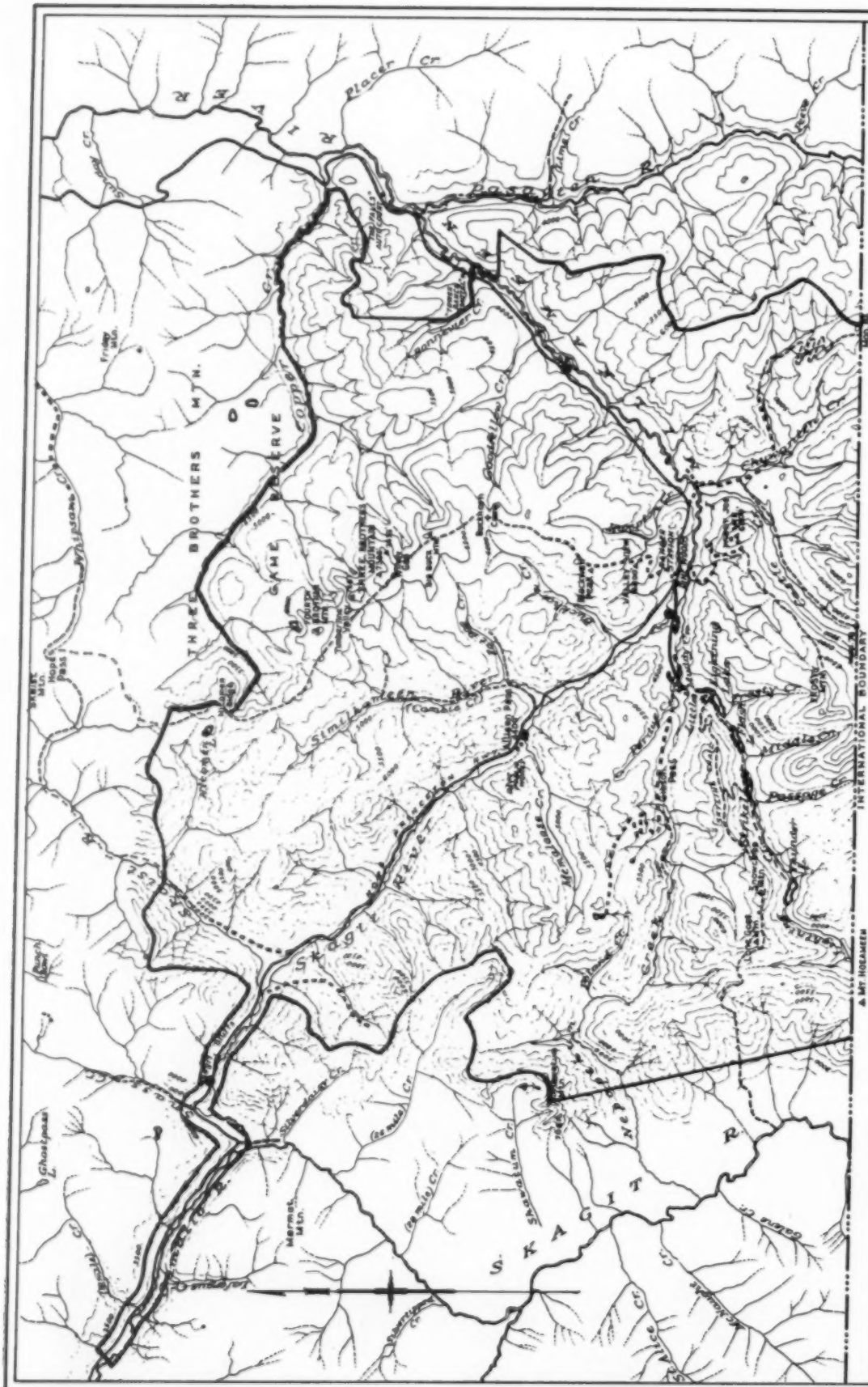
enlarged when the new highway was completed.

Near Rhododendron Flats, the Sumallo River joins the Skagit, to hustle down the western slope of the park. About a mile beyond is Skagit Bluffs, where the scenery is magnificent. Far below the river glooms in the shadow of tall firs and spruce, or sparkles in open sunlight. Tree-clad ranges melt back into blue haze. The road swoops down once more, to soar again to Allison Pass Summit, 4,402 feet above sea level.

Well back from the highway is the Public Works Camp, with its offices, warehouses and residences, looking beguilingly like a summer resort in itself. The Pine Woods Lodge, however, is six miles farther along, with rustic-type buildings set in spacious lawns, a top-rate lodging under B.C. Forest

Near Pine Woods, the road traverses this stream by means of the rustic bridge. Beyond lies the Cambie camp site and the road up to the Skyline Trail.

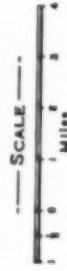




- LEGEND**
- Hope-Princeton Highway
 - Public road
 - Fraser Provincial Park road
 - Trails - Along and along
 - Foot trails only
 - Buildings
 - Campsites

MANNING PARK

PARKS AND RECREATION DIVISION
B.C. FOREST SERVICE



BRITISH COLUMBIA'S MANNING PARK

Service supervision. A motel is now in operation and other inexpensive establishments are planned for the future. Just beyond the lodge are the handsome headquarters of the park, the buildings attractively finished in rough cedar siding.

Fighting forest fires is a vital part of the ranger's work, and a slope of blackened stumps bears witness to the swift destruction once a fire gets started. The year 1945 saw a fierce forest fire which resulted from human carelessness, and which denuded nearly 6,000 acres. Regeneration is extremely slow because the sparse soil was further depleted by the fire's intense heat. The fire burnt to the top of the ridge and in so doing destroyed the seed source from which regeneration would have come.

Just beyond Park Headquarters is a beaver pond of greenish water where the road gives its only glimpse of the park's tallest peak, 7,950-foot Mount Frosty. Eventually the road leaves the park and continues through other tree-clad ranges to the bustling small town of Princeton.

But there is no need to remain on the road when visiting Manning Park. Old paths, carved out by prospectors, by early trappers, by fur traders and loggers, interlace the area. Some of these are scarcely passable at present, but will be cut out again for riding and hiking and fire control.

A forest protection road now climbs for about three miles behind Headquarters. From here a hiking and riding trail crosses the park towards the alpine plateau of the northern section, a meadow a half-mile to five miles wide and ten miles long, and leads on out of the park on the north as a hiking trail to Whipsaw Creek. There in the northern part of the park the scene is dominated by Three Brothers Mountain, whose triple peaks are all over 7,000 feet high. A jeep road leads south-east from the Ranger Station to the look-out on Windy Joe Mountain, which affords a wonderful view of the Cascades.

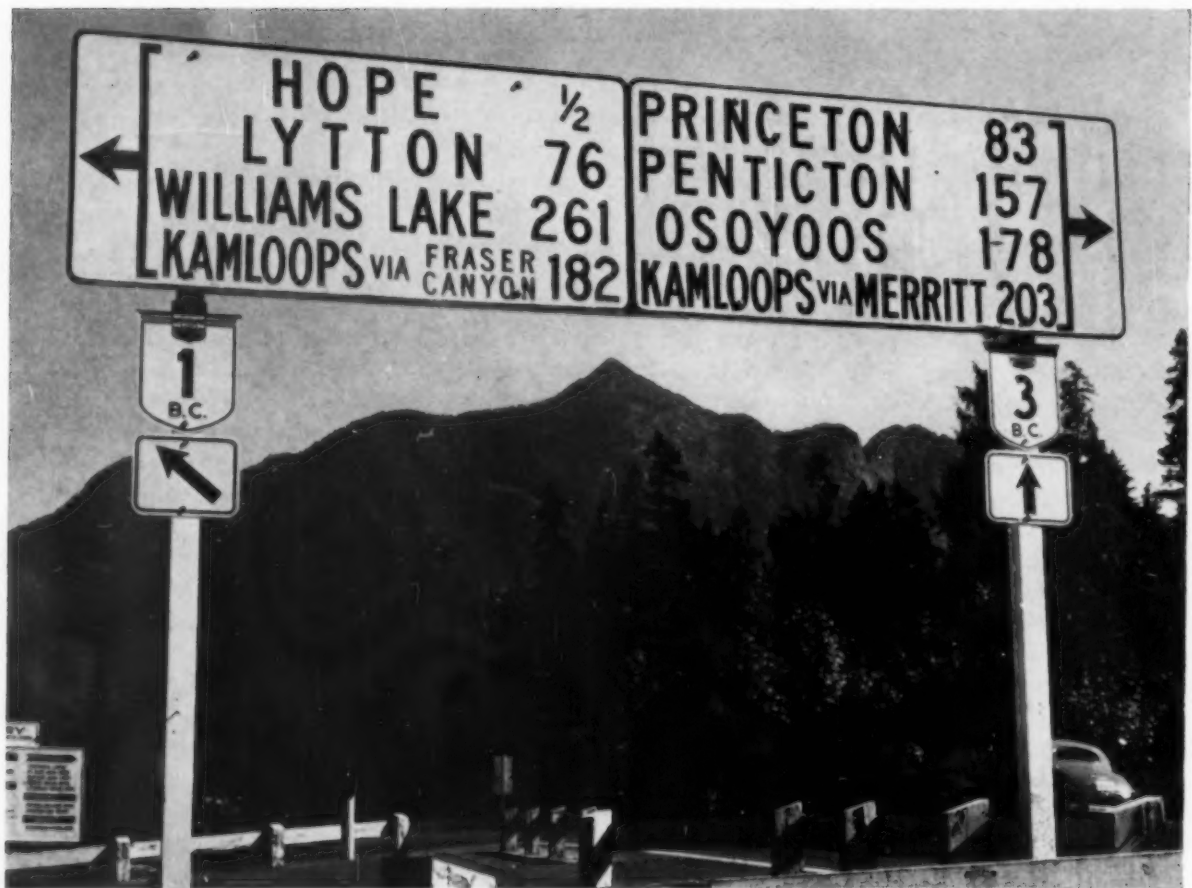
The park now contains four camp sites, and one camp site and picnic area. These are equipped with outdoor fire-places, parking

spurs, tables and toilets. The four camp sites, which were developed in 1951, are Memaloose with eight units near Allison Pass, Skagit River with eight units just east of Snass Creek, Cambie with sixteen units near Park Headquarters, and Mule Deer with seven units six miles farther east. The one most recently established, Coldspring, is one mile west of Pine Woods Lodge on the Similkameen River. Here the visitor will find forty-six camping units, eight picnic tables and a piped water supply. To penetrate the park behind Cambie camp site a road leads part of the way, then the Lightning Lake Trail goes on for a mile through pine-scented woods to Twenty Minute Lake, named for one's estimated walking ability.

Some two miles beyond is the first of the three Lightning Lakes, which are connected by a meandering stream. The lakes provide excellent fishing for the fighting Kamloops trout. Many of the streams of the park are noted for their fishing—rainbow and mountain trout in the Skagit, Skaist and Snass with Dolly Varden also in the Skagit. Fishing is permitted in the park, though hunting is forbidden.

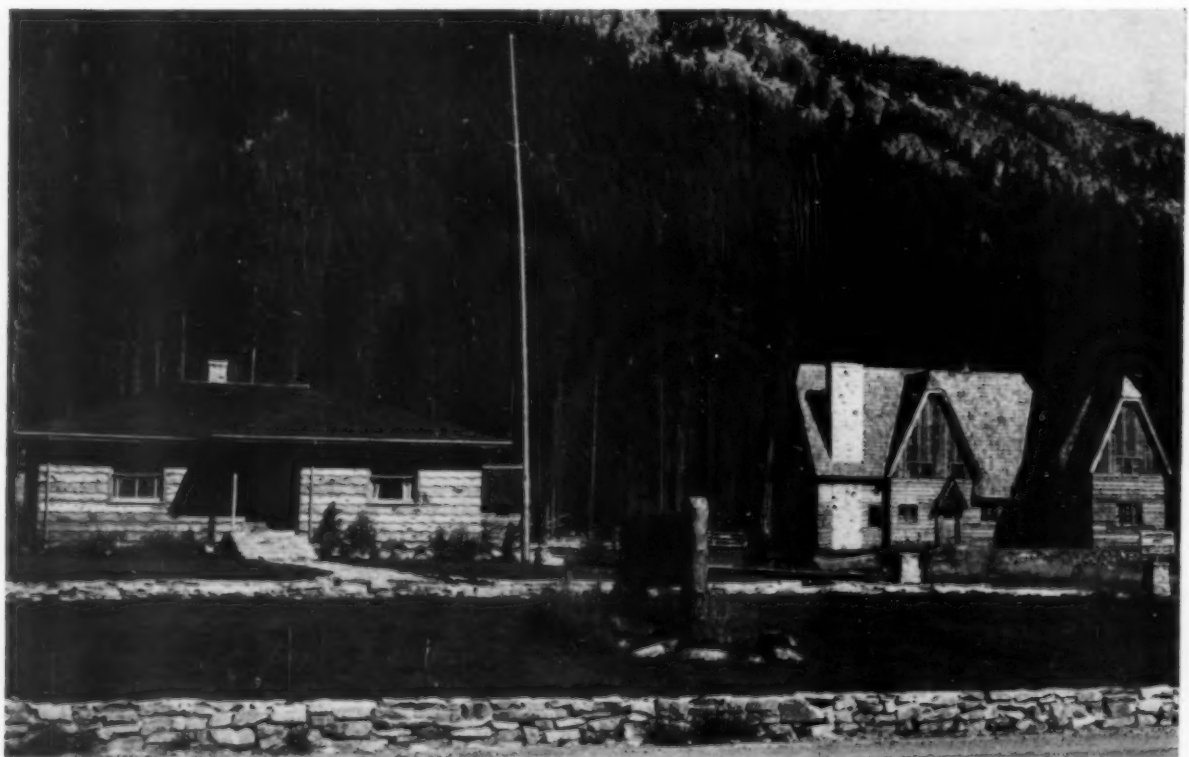
The Skyline Trail will eventually lead up to mountain meadows in the south-western portion of the park, the highest region. On the alpine meadows wild life is scarce, although mule deer and black bear may be seen on occasion. For some reason as yet unknown the alpine area supports little animal life. Elsewhere in the park, however, one may meet the grizzlies, huge short-tempered beasts of unpredictable mood. Black bears are less alarming, and more numerous. Mule deer are abundant, and it is said that remnants of the former great herds of elk are seen occasionally. Certainly cougars, timber wolves, lynx and coyotes may be observed by nature lovers.

The vegetation of this varied terrain also challenges the naturalist. It changes rapidly from lush marsh growth to dryland stands of yellow pine, to tundra varieties of heath plants, and the floral carpets of the alpine meadows, and short-stemmed



A traffic triangle at Hope, where the road divides into highways 1 and 3. Ahead lie the little-known ranges of the Cascades, and Manning Park.

These attractive buildings, sheathed in wavy log siding, house Park Headquarters.





The excellent highway twists along at the base of cliffs, or through rock cuts. Every turn reveals a new vista.

flowers growing beside melting snows.

Whether for the joys of exploring the back country, or the convenience of a direct route to the coast, travellers more and more appreciate the highway which has made this rugged and beautiful part of the province accessible.

Right:—A couple of boys find the Skagit camp site to their liking. Near the camp site is the rippling Skagit River where they can enjoy the fishing.





THE TRAVEL CORNER



A camp site of exceptional grandeur—in the shadow of Mount Robson (12,972 feet), highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies.

C.N.R.

Camping and Boating

Now that the season for outdoor living has returned, many people are planning to spend some time in tents and boats renewing their contacts with nature. For that reason it seems appropriate to pass along a few suggestions about selecting camp sites and handling boats which we obtained from the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests.

According to the department's experts, a small island is one of the safest and most comfortable camping places. Usually there is a breeze, so flies and mosquitoes are fewer. The danger of a camp-fire getting out of

control and spreading to the forest is less on an island than on the mainland. The next best choice is a point of land.

The site should be on well drained, sloping ground clear of underbrush and sheltered by trees, with a supply of clean water close at hand. Areas where there are dead or leaning trees that might fall, poisonous plants, numerous ant hills or bees' nests should be avoided.

It is recommended that the camp-fire be built in a place sheltered from the wind and on rock or mineral soil, preferably not far from the water so that it can be extinguished with little difficulty. Careful campers take the

extra precaution of dampening the ground about the fire. The fire should never be built close to a tree, as it might spread up the trunk or burn the roots. For open fires hardwoods such as oak, maple and birch give a clean lasting heat. Although red, white and jack pine make good fires, they leave a sooty deposit on cooking utensils. Dry spruce, cedar and tamarack throw sparks and should only be used when no other materials are available.

Since a great many campers take along or use canoes or boats, we will also relay the department's reminders about safe water travel:

(i) Boats or canoes should never be overloaded, but should be kept well under their capacity. In loading cargo, heavy equipment should always be put at the bottom and lighter material carefully packed so that it will not shift, come wind or rough weather. The craft must be well balanced at all times.

(ii) It is wise to carry extra paddles and painter rope or tump line, a bailing pail, and life preservers for all those aboard.

(iii) Large animals swimming in the same body of water should never be approached. They have been known to attempt to climb into boats and canoes.

(iv) It is dangerous to stand up in small craft, to travel near the heads of dam gates or sluiceways, to be in strange waters after dark, or to be on the water during a heavy storm.

(v) Generally it is advisable to remain close to shore. Large boats should not be approached too closely.

(vi) Rapids should always be carefully inspected before they are run. Only expert handlers of boats and canoes should ever attempt to run them.

(vii) If the boat uses gasoline, carry it in a standard container and avoid spilling any on the floor where a spark might ignite it far from shore.

(viii) All boats used for night travel should be equipped with lights.

(ix) If the boat upsets, do not leave it. Every year a large number of drownings occur that might have been avoided, if the victims had not attempted to strike out for shore from upturned boats. It is far safer to hang onto the boat until it drifts to shore or help arrives.

(x) When beaching a boat or canoe, pull it clear of the water so that there will be no danger of wave action wearing a hole in the bottom or setting it adrift.

K.L.M.'s Deferred Payment Plan

K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines offer Canadians the opportunity to travel by air now and pay for the flight later.

It is also possible for residents of Canada to obtain credit for the transportation of relatives and friends visiting them in Canada. A minimum down-payment of ten per cent of the total amount must be paid. Up to eighteen months are allowed to pay the balance. The first instalment falls due forty-five days after the ticket is issued. Further information may be obtained by writing to K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines, International Aviation Building, Montreal, P.Q.

Concerts at Stratford, Connecticut

It has been announced that the New York Pro Musica Antiqua group will give a series of four Monday-night concerts at the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre at Stratford, Connecticut on 13, 20 and 27 August and 3 September. This well-known group consists of six vocal soloists and four musicians under the direction of Noah Greenberg. The instruments played are the viol, cello, violin, recorder, harpsichord and organ. Tickets may be obtained by writing to the theatre at Stratford, Connecticut.

Short Cut to Alaska

The Alberta Government has issued a special bulletin pointing out that it is now possible for motorists to save themselves 100 miles of driving on the road to Alaska. This is done by taking the Whitecourt-Valleyview cut-off, which was recently opened. Highway 16 is followed west from Edmonton to Carvel Corner, then Highway 43 is taken to Whitecourt and Valleyview.

Map for Motorists and Campers in British Columbia

The British Columbia Government's Travel Bureau has issued an attractive new provincial road map which shows the locations of the various camp and picnic sites maintained by the Forest Service of the province. Provincial and national parks are also clearly marked. Unfolded, the map is about twenty-six inches wide and seventeen and one-half inches long. On its reverse side there are brief notes about each of the camp and picnic sites which include directions for reaching them and information about beaches, fishing, hunting, and so on.

A Sample of the Summer Festivals in Britain

Stratford-upon-Avon — The season for Shakespearean plays runs to the end of October. This year the plays to be presented are *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, *Love's Labour's Lost*.
(Continued on page VII)

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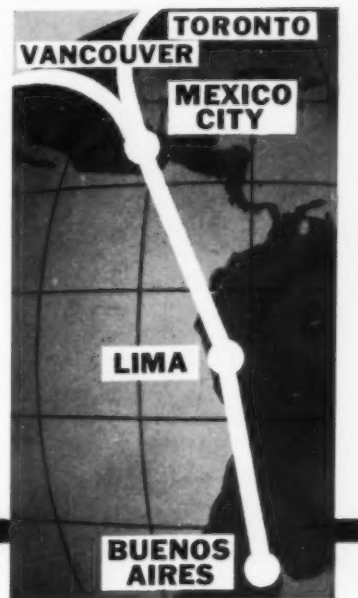


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For free booklet and map send this ad with your name and address to Alberta Travel Bureau, Legislative Bldg., Edmonton, Canada.

D-3

**Know Alberta
Canada Better**

(Continued from page VI)

bour's Lost, and *Measure for Measure*. The cast includes Emlyn Williams, Harry Andres, Margaret Johnston, Alan Badel and Diana Churchill.

Glyndebourne Festival — Dedicated to Mozart this year, the Glyndebourne Festival will continue to 14 August. Six operas are to be performed: *Idomeneo*, *Il Seraglio*, *Mariage of Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan Tutte*, and *The Magic Flute*.

Edinburgh Festival (discussed in an earlier Travel Corner) will be held 19 August to 8 September.

The Door of Russia Opens

Although creaking somewhat on hinges that have not been used too frequently during the last half-century, the door of Russia appears to have opened wide enough to admit everyday tourists. They are permitted to visit Russian cities on prearranged tours. This spring for the first time in its history one of our favourite travel agencies arranged such a tour for a client to Russia and Eastern Europe by way of Stockholm and Helsinki. He visited Leningrad, Kiev and Odessa in the Soviet Union, Warsaw in Poland, and Prague in Czechoslovakia.

Intourist is the name of the Soviet Government's tourist organization. It has made a special agreement with the Toronto firm, Overseas Travel Limited (at 762 Bathurst Street), whereby the latter handles inquiries, suggests itineraries and sells the special tourist passes required for travel in the Soviet Union. (Before long, it is expected that similar agreements may be made with other firms.) The pass provides the tourist with hotel accommodation, meals, daily trips in cars or buses (with a guide-interpreter), and transportation between places included in the tour. The price of a pass depends on the class of service, duration of the tour, and route. There are this year fifteen different tours offered and five classes of service. For example, the cost of the Leningrad-Moscow tour, which includes five days at each city, ranges from about \$300 for de luxe class (the most expensive) down to \$100 for third class (the least expensive).

Autumn Cruise

The Cunard Steam-ship Company has announced that its liner *Caronia* will sail on 7 September 1956 on a Mediterranean cruise lasting forty-three days. The ship will call at the following ports: Funchal, Malaga, Palma, Villefranche, Naples, Messina, Dubrovnik, Athens, Istanbul, Haifa, Alexandria, Malta, Tangier, Lisbon, Cherbourg, and Southampton. The minimum fare is \$975.

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So . . . to get back to the question . . . when we make an investment recommendation, we like to feel that it will meet the personal requirements of the individual. Experience has proved to us that a personal, confidential relationship between investor and investment adviser is the only sound basis for investment recommendations. This, of course, means personal service . . . the type of service which is available to our clients . . . available to you. You will be welcomed in any of our offices, or, if more convenient, we will be happy to discuss your personal investment program by mail.

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Dr. Marius Barbeau (*Early Americana*), the author of numerous books and articles, is widely recognized as an authority in the fields of ethnology and folklore. For many years he was on the staff of the National Museum of Canada. Although he has retired, he continues to pursue his studies and research in ethnology.

* * *

Adelaide Leitch (*The Okanagan: Sagebrush Valley of Blossoms*) frequently contributes articles and photographs to the Journal and is well known to all of our regular readers. She is a freelance writer who has travelled from coast to coast in Canada, painting vivid word-pictures of places and regions.

* * *

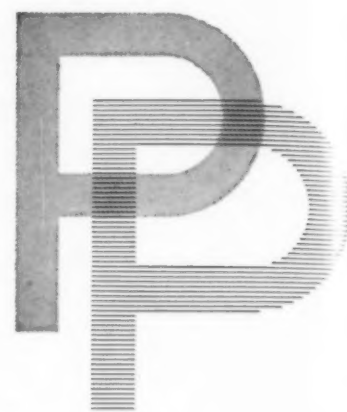
Eileen Jenness (*Cyprus: the Paradox of the Middle East*) has travelled widely in Europe and North America with her husband, Dr. Diamond Jenness, formerly Dominion Anthropologist at Ottawa. She has published numerous articles on her travels and a book on the Indian tribes of Canada.

* * *

W. E. Greening (*Lake Memphremagog—Gem of the Eastern Townships*) is a freelance writer who has made a special study of the Province of Quebec. Many of his articles about the province have been published in Canadian and American magazines, and some in English magazines. He has also done some writing for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

* * *

Lyn and Richard Harrington (*British Columbia's Manning Park*), who work as a team using their respective talents as writer and photographer, have contributed many articles and photographs to the Journal. Inveterate travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington are constantly finding new and delightful subjects for pen and camera lens.



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AMONGST THE NEW BOOKS

Gunboat 658

by L. C. Reynolds, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.
(Ryerson Press, Toronto, \$3.50)

This book is a pleasant addition to those many stories of personal adventure which illustrate for us yet another facet of the winning of the Second World War. The youth and the amateur status of nearly all the men involved is a very illuminating factor; the author was but nineteen when he was appointed to serve on a motor gunboat, then in building at the English port of Brixham, and when this vessel, Gunboat 658, was finally ready for sea only four men out of her crew of thirty had ever been to sea before. Yet the last photographs in the book show Gunboat 658 victoriously flying the White Ensign



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above the conquered Swastika. She and her crew had to learn the hard way, and through fair days and foul they triumphed magnificently.

To those whose field of service lay in the Mediterranean during the war this book will be full of the pleasures of reminiscence. The close comradeship bred of service in a small vessel, the eager team spirit undaunted by misfortunes or failures, the high heart of youth keen to fight an enemy whom it never learned to hate, and heedless of death at every turn, all these things shine out brightly through the humdrum discomforts and perils of everyday life in a small gunboat. The young author writes gaily; he was in turn navigating officer, first lieutenant, spare Commanding Officer and finally Commanding Officer of 658. His style is that of a well kept journal in which he records the fortunes of war for himself and his comrades during two and one-half years in all parts of the Mediterranean. More than half-way through the book the author recounts a day's leave when he was able to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. "We were like schoolboys on the first day of the holidays," he says. Most of these same schoolboys had known little of life save what the war could teach them. They had to learn the ways of peace after they had attained their majority. This book is recommended warmly to all readers, young and old. The excellence of the illustrations adds to one's pleasure and to one's understanding of the text.

SYLVIA SEELEY



Royal Bank Manager Keeps Posted On Canada's Vital Grain Business

Located in one of the Great Lakes grain ports, this Royal Bank manager (left) naturally studies reports on wheat loadings, watches crop reports—generally keeps himself well briefed on all aspects of the grain trade.

But he also likes to get out and talk to the men in the business—grain inspectors, grain brokers, elevator superintendents. In his constant picking up of first-hand knowledge, this banker is typical of Royal Bank managers everywhere. That is one reason why you will find them well-informed on both local conditions and industries and the broader aspects of the Canadian economy as well.

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